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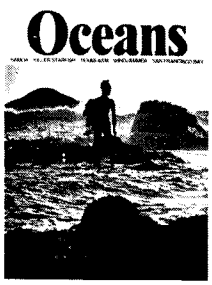

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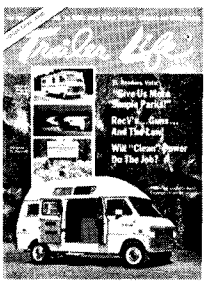

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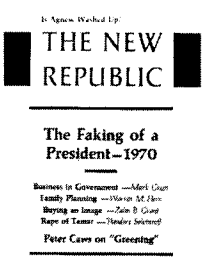

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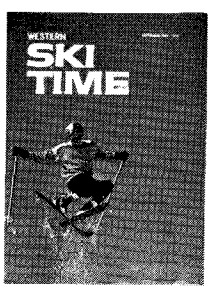

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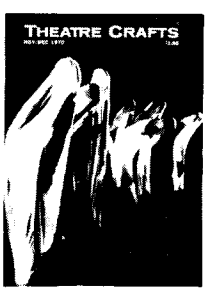

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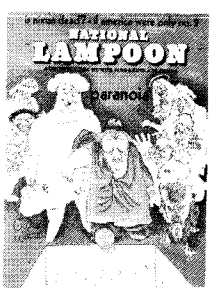

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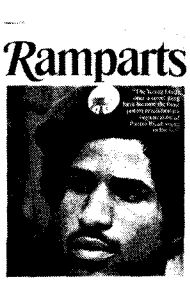

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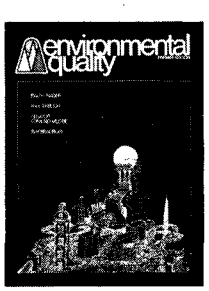

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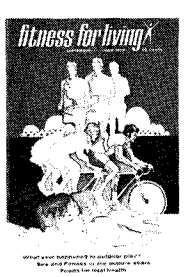

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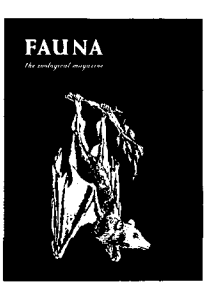

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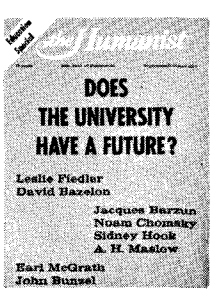

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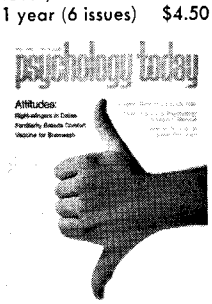

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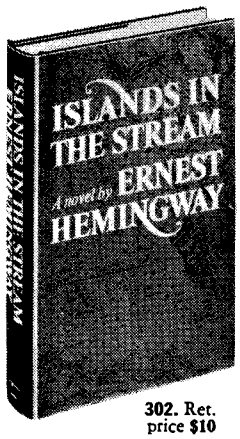

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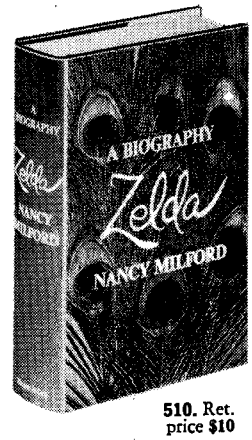

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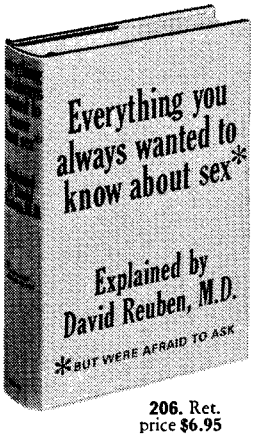

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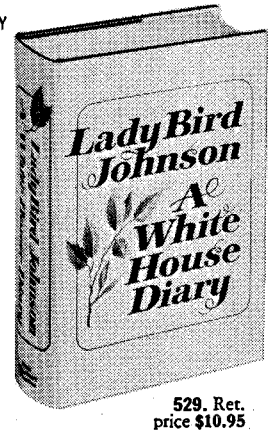

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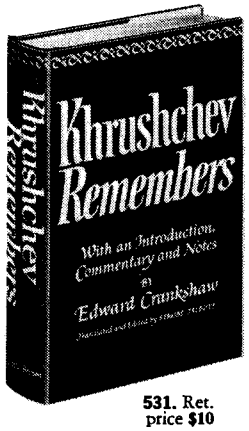

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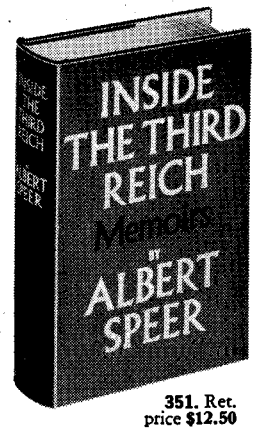

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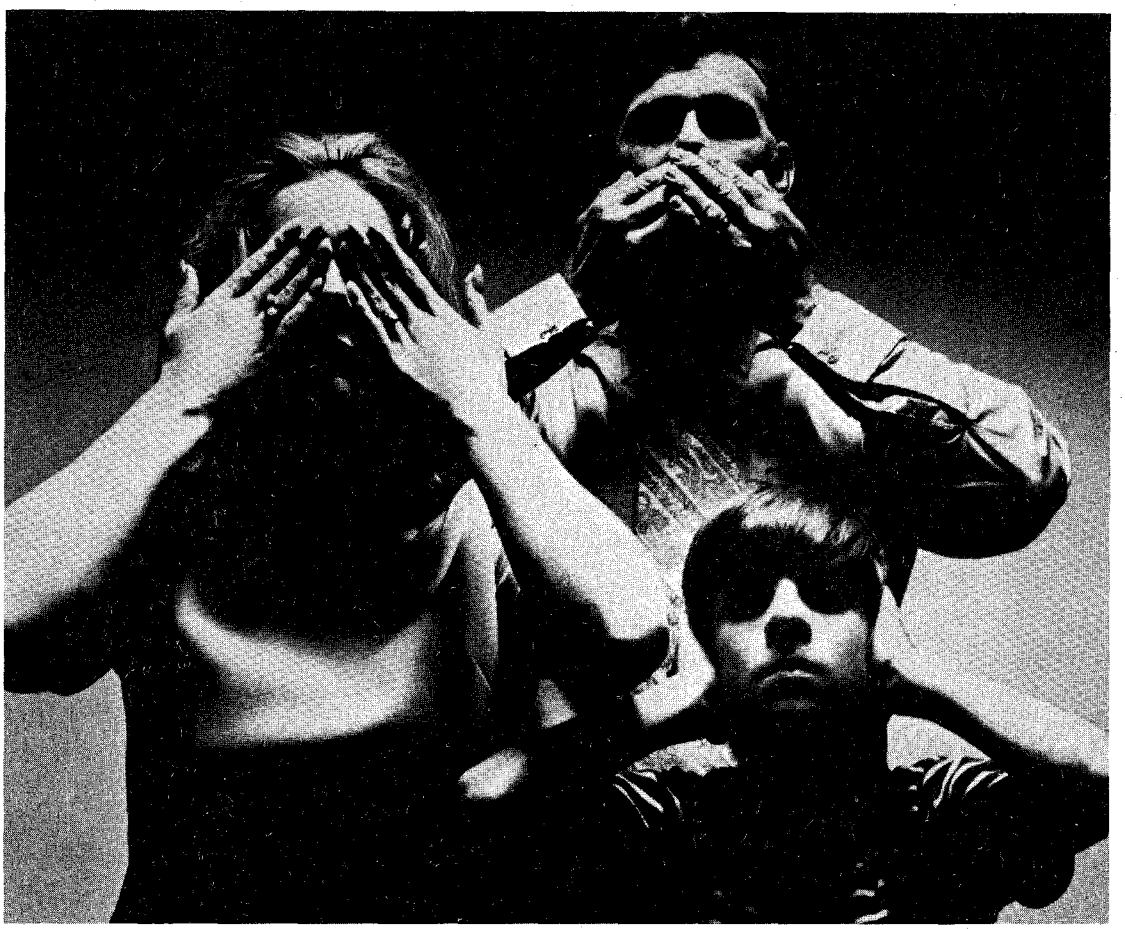

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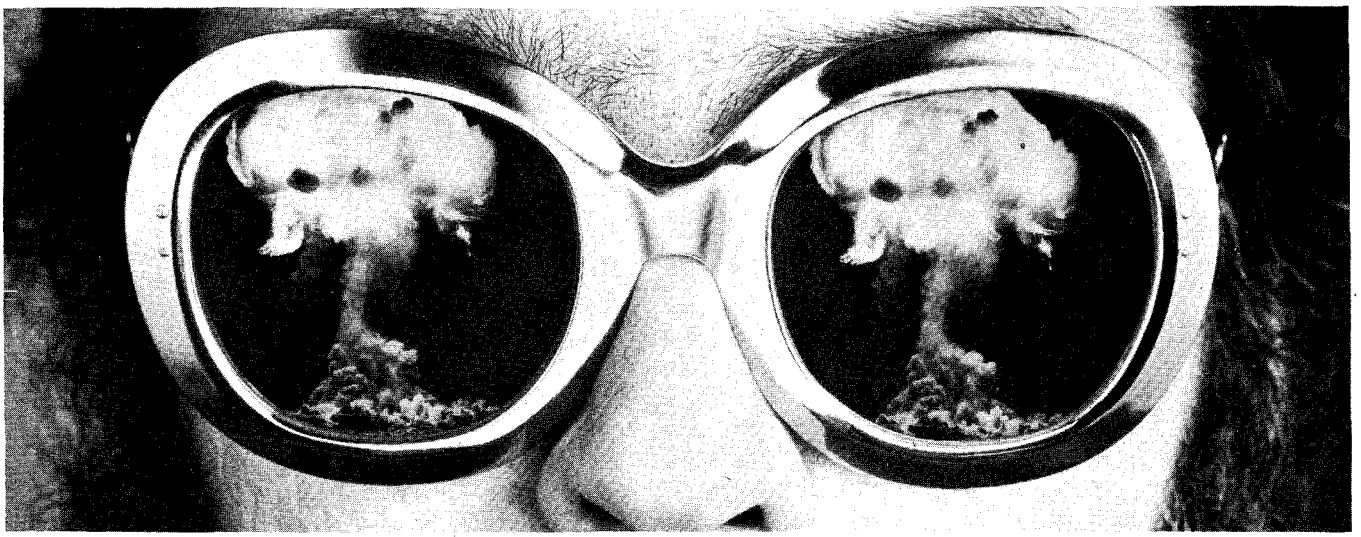

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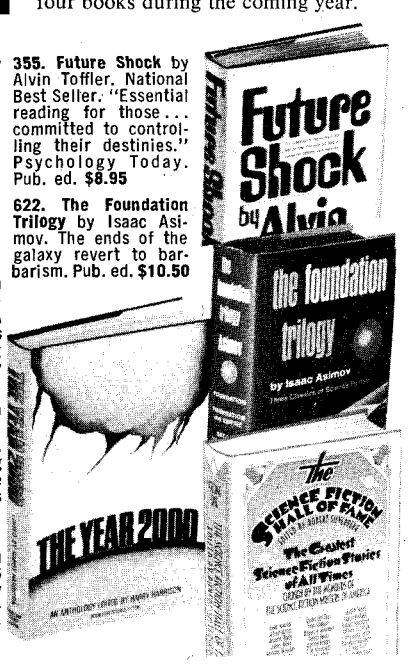
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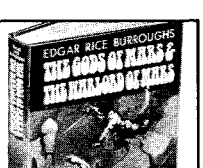

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from Washington

A Puzzling Speech

"The chief justice of the United States and the associate justices of the Supreme Court!" bawled the doorkeeper. Everybody got up and applauded. Through the swing doors at the back of the House Chamber came the elderly justices in black robes like a costumed procession out of Gilbert and Sullivan with eight "very susceptible Chancellors" instead of one, tottering down the central aisle to hear Mr. Nixon's puzzling State of the Union speech. (The ninth, Mr. Justice Brennan, was absent.) I suppose you get used to wearing a black kimono or graduating gown all your working hours. It is part of the judicial occupational hazard. The justices handle the robes neatly, swishing them over their knees when they sit down as circumspectly as a Newport dowager with a train. But my, my; looking down one wondered irreverently how long the three senior patriarchs will be on hand: Black, 85 next month; Douglas 72 with a heart pacer; Harlan a year younger with an eye problem. Mr. Nixon has added two to the Court and tipped the balance from left to right. With whatever he may do in the next two years in the legislative line, we are still inclined to think his most profound imprint on America may be his demolition of the tremendous Warren Court and substitution of a lackluster conservative body whose justices (you recall) serve for life.

This week Vice President Agnew goes to Illinois and Indiana to start the job of selling Mr. Nixon's great new theme: "Take government back to the people." Mentioning the Vice President prompts a digression. We had almost lost track of him after the unhappy election. Then suddenly he surfaced, attacking Rep. Anderson (D, Tenn.) for "self-serving claptrap" and "popping off for political advantage." That's our Spiro! we said admiringly. The congressman he denounced is evidently a dangerous type who criticizes J. Edgar Hoover. He commits this sacrilege under the protective coloration of a Naval Academy degree, combat awards for submarine patrols, and the erstwhile command of the *Nautilus* (first atomic submarine). Evidently a formidable cover. From his privileged sanctuary the egregious congressman has had the nerve to question the FBI's revelation of the alleged plot to kidnap Kissinger, involving the Berrigan brothers, two Roman Catholic priests, for which a total of six indictments have been issued. We won't presume to judge a pending case but we are pretty sure of this: if the bizarre story doesn't hold water, J. Edgar Hoover is not going to cut the ribbon on the gigantic new FBI building whose three-story-deep excavation now occupies more than a city block on Pennsylvania Avenue. (With typical bad taste the flippant Washington press is calling it the Kissinger kidnap caper.)

Well, to get back to more humdrum matters, we leaned over the balcony of the press gallery the other night to look down on Mr. Nixon's glossy waved hair as he delivered his State of the Union speech. Four days later we listened to Rep. Wilbur Mills' resonant monotone as he attacked the revenue-sharing feature of the speech. Finally we ended the week curled up with the federal budget, the size of the Los Angeles telephone book, with its even heftier prospective $18.6 billion deficit. The Washington skyline has changed considerably with these developments.

We used the word "puzzling" because the Nixon speech is so hard to come to grips with. We think the family welfare program is splendid. When he promises "a basic income floor under every family with children in this nation," we cheer. The question is not the idea but the commitment. Is it a program, or a ploy? If the President had concentrated on this and left out some of the other items we should be more certain. Hitherto he has emphasized the humanitarian feature to liberal audiences; the brutal compulsory work feature to conservatives. Somehow, Mr. Nixon breeds suspicion even when his goal may be excellent; he is so doubtful of the world himself that he is tempted to mask laudable objectives in artifice. How about other proposals?

The Nixon health plan? – We think this is a device to head off a next-to-irresistible drive in Congress for a national health insurance program. Every other big nation has one.

Restructuring the Cabinet? – Maybe yes; maybe no; it will take at least a generation as the President very well knows. If he had been more serious, he would have gone over it with congressional leaders in advance.

Revenue-sharing, strengthening local government, carrying government "back to the people"? – Our judgment is that this proposal has flaws, and that Congress will reject it.

A challenge to Congress? – Yes; almost certainly, Mr. Nixon has picked his slogan and his antagonist for 1972. He has a new target, the fear of the central government. Yet even while he points with alarm he advocates a gigantic federalized welfare system.

Mayors and governors appeared before Sen. Proxmire last week, announcing instant bankruptcy if Washington didn't bail them out. Yet it frequently appeared that they had rejected local graduated income taxes. Take Ohio. It is the fifteenth richest state. Yet for generations GOP governors have undertaxed it so that it ranks forty ninth in per capita tax revenue. The newly elected Democratic governor, John Gilligan, is trying to bring it into the twentieth century.

Rep. Mills, the most powerful man in Congress, examined the revenue-sharing proposal last week in a brilliantly organized House speech. His conclusion: that to share revenue you must have more revenue to share, namely, more taxes. Mr. Nixon's Friday budget seemed to bear this out. A whopping $18.6 billion deficit this year, and $11-billion next, which he offered brightly with rare Keynesian resourcefulness: it would be a balanced budget, he said, if the nation were operating at "full employment." Nobody could put it more prettily than he: "The full employment budget idea is in the nature of a self-fulfilling prophecy: by operating as if we were at full employment, we will help to bring about that full employment."

True, we think; but imagine if a Democrat had said it.

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Pentagon Power

The General Accounting Office, which exercises tough oversight of the Government's domestic programs, has proved again that it's a one-eyed watchdog when it comes to military procurement. Without even the pretense of resistance, the GAO has acquiesced to a Pentagon maneuver to absolve the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation of much of its contractual liability for cost overruns on the C-5A jet transport and other procurement disasters. (The Pentagon's bailout plan, unveiled December 30, limits Lockheed's liability to $200 million of the expected loss of $1.1 billion or more on the company's military programs.) Although Lockheed has gone to court in hopes of a better settlement, knowledgeable federal officials indicate the company may still decide to accept the Pentagon's largesse, particularly if Lockheed's present credit crunch continues. The GAO's permissiveness on the issue could open the door to a series of multi-million dollar bailouts for other ailing contractors.

The Pentagon's purported authority for the Lockheed salvage is a vague and obscure 1958 law (PL 85-804) authorizing modification of defense contracts whenever such action is necessary to "facilitate the national defense" in times of a declared national emergency. (The emergency declared by President Truman on Dec. 16, 1950, is still in effect; thus the Pentagon is using Chinese intervention in Korea as justification to rescue Lockheed.) Despite evidence in the law's legislative history that it may not fit the Lockheed case, the GAO has brushed aside a four-month-old request by Rep. William S. Moorhead (D, Pa.) for a detailed study and formal ruling on the law's applicability. The GAO's acquiescence to such use of PL 85-804 authority gives the Pentagon carte blanche to rewrite every defense contract in existence – an authority that makes a complete sham of the already discredited military procurement process.

The GAO's position is set forth on page 35 in a letter by Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats, a response to our earlier comment ("Military Maneuvers," December 26). The Comptroller General states that his agency "has no legal authority to go behind" a determination by the Pentagon that the proposed Lockheed bailout would "facilitate the national defense." In an interview last week, Staats explained that this meant GAO had no business holding up the relief package on grounds that the C-5A and other Lockheed programs

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were not necessary to the defense effort. That point is not in dispute; we are not saying that the GAO does have that authority. What is in dispute, however, is whether PL 85-804 is the proper vehicle for Lockheed's deliverance. Such legal interpretations of a law's applicability are one of GAO's most important jobs.

Legislative history of PL 85-804 indicates that the act was written to aid small defense contractors and that massive bailouts like Lockheed's would still have to get separate congressional approval. In testimony June 19, 1958, Robert Dechert, the Pentagon's general counsel, told the House Judiciary Committee that the law was designed primarily to aid "a small business concern whose continued existence is essential for the national defense." As leverage to secure congressional approval, Dechert noted that bailouts under a similar law amounted to only $1.2 million in 1957, and that settlements under that same law since 1951 had come to only $35 million. (Under PL 85-804, bailouts from 1958 through 1969 totaled only $60 million.) Dechert further stated that the bill was "designed to meet the extraordinary emergency that will arise and which can not be otherwise dealt with. This matter may arise when Congress is not in session. . . ."

In a letter Sept. 30, Moorhead asked Staats for rulings on such questions as whether the law was designed to ensure continued production of a defense item itself, or simply to prevent a contractor from going into bankruptcy; whether Lockheed could legally terminate C-5A production (such a threat by the company first generated the bailout proposal); and whether voluntary or involuntary bankruptcy would actually compromise Lockheed's ability to continue C-5A production. "An over-liberal application of this liberal authority," Moorhead said, "would be extremely costly to the taxpayers, would set a grievous precedent for the future, and could compromise the nation's defense procurement system which, even at this time, is as this controversy attests in serious trouble." According to a top Moorhead aide, the GAO attorney assigned to act on Moorhead's letter had not familiarized himself with the controversy as late as Jan. 19 (though Rep. Moorhead had received two interim replies last fall stating that the matter would soon be decided). In our talk with Staats on January 21, the Comptroller General showed unfamiliarity with the Moorhead letter and misinterpreted it to mean that Moorhead was asking him to determine the C-5A's contribution to national security, a judgment which, as Staats reiterated, was not his to make. On the following day, Mr. Staats did finally write Rep. Moorhead, informing him officially and for the first time that the GAO considers the Pentagon has acted properly and in accordance with the requirements of PL 85-804. A top GAO official privately went further, asserting that PL 85-804 can legitimately be used by at least 10 other federal departments and agencies to rescue corporations; they need only certify that it's necessary "to facilitate the national defense."

Mr. Staats contends that the GAO has "no legal authority to demand from the contractors their records relating to commercial – that is nongovernment – transactions. . . ." But precisely that analysis is necessary to determine whether Lockheed's financial difficulties with its L-1011 commercial aircraft program will make it impossible for the company to make good on its C-5A deliveries, even if it gets the relief money. The Pentagon has acknowledged that it has a cash-flow statement, breaking out Lockheed's current expenditures by both commercial and government programs. The GAO has authority to examine and report to Congress on these or any other records in the government's possession. And indeed the GAO now is reviewing Lockheed's cash-flow statement, but under a set of arrogant restrictions Defense officials have laid down. The GAO is not permitted to remove the records from the Pentagon nor take notes from the records. (What other government agency could get away with such bullying of the watchdog agency?) The GAO plans to report to Congress on whether it thinks Lockheed can deliver, but the opinion will not be accompanied by the cash-flow figures. Without a look at these figures, which could be provided individual congressmen on a confidential basis, Congress won't be able to know whether more appropriations for Lockheed are or aren't more money down the drain.

The real problem with the GAO, of course, is its fear of upsetting the powerful military committees of Congress, whose Members have fattened their states and districts from the overflowing cornucopia of military contracts. Last year, a high-ranking GAO official told A. Ernest Fitzgerald, the former Pentagon cost-efficiency expert who is now a consultant for the Joint Congressional Economic Committee, that the GAO would take a more thorough look at military spending only when the Chairman of the Armed Services or Appropriations Committee directed it to do so. But the Comptroller General's 15-year term (and he is not eligible for reappointment) was created to insulate his office from subservience of this sort. His investigative charter is broad. The 1921 law setting up the GAO specifically said that it should be "independent of the executive departments," that "the Comptroller General should investigate . . . all matters relating to the receipt, disbursement and application of public funds . . .," and that "all claims and demands whatsoever by the government of the US or against it, and all accounts whatever in which the government of the US is concerned, either as debtor or creditor, shall be settled and adjusted in the GAO." The Pentagon is the government's, thus the GAO's, biggest business: "75.3 billion appropriated for fiscal 1971, compared to $12.8 billion for education, health and manpower. The winds that blow from the military-industrial bureaucracy are strong; if Mr. Staats bends before them, the defense oversight function becomes a travesty.

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preading the Action

n optimistic reading of what was done by the House id Senate Democratic caucuses from January 19 to goes like this: "It has to be measured from where e've come, not from where we've gone." That view is idely shared by those in the thick of the battle. Im-atient outsiders put it differently: "they won, but we ored a few more points than last time."

In the House caucus, all the gains were contained the approved recommendations of the Committee Organization, Study and Review headed by Rep. lia Butler Hansen (D, Wash.). Members, including mmittee chairmen, will be limited to one legislative bcommittee chairmanship, thus freeing a couple ozen subcommittee chairmanships for younger repre-ntatives. It's called "spreading the action." A pro-dure has been set up for challenging committee airmen in caucus (10 members can demand a vote). enceforth, members will be restricted to two com-ittees with legislative jurisdiction; seniority need not followed in assigning members to committees.

It doesn't sound like much, put alongside the fail-e of Morris Udall and James O'Hara to match Hale oggs' first ballot vote for Majority Leader, or the nashing defeat of the challenge to the Mississippi legation's Democratic bonafides, (111-55), or the set of Sen. Edward Kennedy by Robert C. Byrd. ch year, more of the old bulls go down to defeat n 1970, Fallon and Friedel of Maryland, Philbin of assachusetts, Feighan of Ohio, to name the obvious) id the ranks of young reformers swell. Still they're tvoted. Why? Because there are too few of them, viously, but also because they're not cohesive.

Udall put his finger on it the afternoon of Thurs-ay, January 21, when he called Senator Kennedy to mmiserate: "Once I pick the liberal buckshot out my behind, I'll be over to help pull the liberal dag-rs out of your back," he said. Udall's record on civil ghts, Vietnam, urban priorities, is good. His leader-ip potential is great. He did well among Western embers, polled a substantial Southern vote from unger, moderate-to-liberal members, picked up most the Eastern reformers. But the machine-oriented emocrats across the Midwest and East turned their cks on him. "They're not comfortable with him," e member explained. Nor is the hawkish hierarchy the AFL-CIO. The 12-member black caucus split ur or five ways. Freshmen, particularly from the idwest, were intimidated into a first ballot vote for oggs by fear of not getting a good committee assign-ent. A half dozen or more Udall backers were conned to voting for Wayne Hays on the first ballot, to pre-nt his being humiliated.

The Kennedy defeat was something else. Byrd didn't nounce early, so the Kennedy machine around the untry wasn't cranked up. Instead, he quietly counted noses, with some help. About the time Udall telephoned Kennedy, a man named Perry Woofter was calling other senatorial offices to thank members who voted for Byrd. Woofter is a former administrative assistant of Byrd who now works as a lobbyist for the American Petroleum Institute. West Virginia is coal country, which suggests the inroads the oil industry has made in buying up one of its competitors.

It's said Senators Jackson and Magnuson of Washington were unhappy about Kennedy's position against the SST. Others linked Kennedy's defeat to Byrd's obsequious deference to the whims of his colleagues. In fact the Kennedy camp couldn't count.

The Mississippi challenge was poorly handled. Behind the scenes, Speaker Carl Albert had agreed to a rule that would prevent the five Mississippi Democrats from returning to the caucus in 1972 without at least acknowledging the loyalist wing of the party. But at that juncture, a challenge to Albert himself was announced by Rep. John Conyers. After that, nothing could be done, although the challenge might be resurrected in a couple of months.

Perhaps the mistake comes in expecting too much from Congress, in underestimating both the institutional barriers and the ego-tripping. Perhaps the only hope for modern Democrats is in Presidential politics, despite the horror show in 1968. If that is the case, there are some good omens. The McGovern and O'Hara Commissions have opened the party to more fresh breezes than have the House and Senate caucuses. Last week, the O'Hara Commission adopted a formula for deciding on the number of convention delegates each state will have in 1972. It is a 50-50 split, using population and an average of the Democratic vote in the last three Presidential elections. Bonus votes are eliminated. The principal defect in the reform plan is that a primary winner in any state takes all. A more equitable arrangement would be to apportion convention delegates on the basis of votes cast for the various Presidential contenders in primaries.

Consumer Protection

Because of a newly proposed Federal Trade Commission regulation, it may become harder for home-improvement swindlers, dishonest book salesmen, and crooked home appliance dealers to stick poor people with payments for shoddy or undelivered merchandise and for services performed poorly or not at all.

In a typical swindle, salesmen go from door to door in a ghetto neighborhood collecting signatures on home improvement contracts. Residents are promised an extra room, a new roof, a paint job for, say, $700. By the time finance charges, insurance and other fees are

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piled on, the contract may run to $2000 or more. Promised improvements are not made, or they are made in a hasty and slapdash way. Paint is splashed on the house, and that's the end of it.

When the dissatisfied customer realizes how much he's expected to pay for something he didn't get, he's likely to balk. He is then sued by the finance company to which the home improvement salesman sold (at a discount) the signed contract. Under an old legal concept known as the "holder in due course doctrine," the finance company may collect the money owed. By the time the case comes up in court the improvement swindler is long gone, or in another business. The third party has legally acquired the contract, has no obligation to the victim, and has a right to "his" money. Only if the contract was fraudulently written (if the victim signed a blank piece of paper and the contract terms were then typed in over his signature, for example) does he have a chance of winning his case in court.

The victim can sue the original seller – if he can find him and if he can come up with the money to pay a lawyer. That rarely happens.

The "holder in due course doctrine" is recognized in all states and may be invoked to compel payment in all sorts of cases involving anyone who buys something on the installment plan, when the paper he signs is sold to a third party.

The Federal Trade Commission's proposal would in effect saddle third parties with responsibility for proper performance on contracts. A consumer who could establish in court that his encyclopedias never came, or that the new washer he thought he was buying was actually second-hand, or that the home improvements he authorized were not done as promised, would not have to pay. A notice printed on all installment contracts (nominally involving interstate commerce) would warn that nondelivery of goods or partial performance of services is a legal defense against charges of nonpayment. The third party, the finance company that buys the contract, would be left holding the bag. Marginal finance companies, pondering whether they may be parties to a swindle, would be less eager to take contracts off the hands of con men.

Regulations similar to the FTC proposal are already on the books in Massachusetts and a handful of other states. A number of states have curtailed the "holder in due course doctrine" as applied to car purchase The FTC rule will not go into effect, if at all, un six to eight months after interested persons are give a chance to comment on it. The deadline for comme is May 3. Finance companies, banks and their lawye are doubtless preparing their protests. Consume should let the FTC know what they think.

COMING: Robert Fink tells how the airlines lost money flying bigger planes and charging higher fares.

Richard Russell

The outpouring of grief over the death of Senat Richard Russell of Georgia has ended: the laudato editorials, the pilgrimage by Nixon and Agnew a five dozen US Senators, the quotes from plain folk He was called a statesman, a term that has been cheapened by usage that it is applied to almost a politician who is repeatedly reelected and doesn steal. Russell was better than that. He was sincer modest, courteous, hard-working. He supported mu of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. He was a critic our initial involvement, during the Eisenhower A ministration, in Vietnam. On military and foreign i sues, where he had great influence, Russell was seldo a jingoist, though the Pentagon could always count him in a pinch. But on the critical controversy of h time and place, one on which he could have exert tremendous influence, Russell was a failure. We refe of course, to race.

Russell began life as a faintly patrician Southerne and remained that to the end. He was an architect a leader of the "Southern manifesto" that pledged t signers to use their full powers to frustrate the S preme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision. I became almost pathological about civil rights adv cates. It is fascinating to speculate how Southern a titudes might have changed, how the South might ha been spared many of the agonies of the racial stru gle, had he urged restraint, reason, acceptance inevitable changes. He could have done so with min mum risk. By the time race became a burning poli cal issue, senatorial longevity and the seniority sy tem had made Russell virtually unassailable.

Two white Southerners have described Russell failure, without naming him. In *The South and t Southerner*, the late Ralph McGill wrote: "The peop of the South have suffered much, but most of it h been piled on their backs by their own leaders." An ACLU attorney Charles Morgan, Jr., speaking of t South's response to the 1954 decision, put it mo pithily: "'All deliberate speed' provided a time f the cream of Southern leadership to rise to the to and meet the challenge. The cream curdled."

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What's New?

Pat Moynihan left the White House, bitter at the refusal of the liberal community to compliment the President for anything. But what need has Mr. Nixon of compliments by the liberal community when he bestows them so lavishly himself? "What I present this year in the State of the Union and in the Legislative Program," he told his staff, "will be by far the most comprehensive, the most far-reaching, the most bold program in the domestic field ever presented to an American Congress." He didn't claim, as his Attorney General did, that nothing like it had been seen since the American Constitution. Still, he went pretty far; his proposals were "unprecedented in certainly the modern history of the Congress of the United States." The word "new" appears 21 times in the President's January 22nd message.

So what's new? The family assistance plan – a floor under incomes? Yes, that's new as of May, 1969 – low as the proposed floor is and questionable as the work requirement may be. But reorganizing the Executive Branch? Lyndon Johnson established two new Departments – HUD and Transportation, and he wanted to eliminate one by combining Commerce and Labor, and was rebuffed. Institutional engineering is a familiar exercise, but usually irrelevant to the uses to which the institutions are put.

Revenue-sharing? When the details have been spelled out, they will be discussed in detail in these pages. But it's not a new idea. The Hoover Commission in 1949 devoted four volumes to reallocating functions and revenues between Washington and various levels of government. The Commission on Intergovernmental Relations spent two years on a 311-page report (1955), dealing with the same subject and coming up with about the same conclusion: "A fundamental objective of our system of government should be to keep centralization to a minimum and state-local responsibility to a maximum." A Federal-State Committee went over it once more, in 1957, and again in 1958. And in all that time we have had revenue sharing without calling it that. Billions are collected and redistributed by the federal government in a variety of ways – some of it in grants to the states for special purposes, some to localities, some to individuals via social security or in payments for dependent children or to veterans attending school. The question is not whether federal revenues *will* be shared, but how much revenue there will be to share, what it will be spent for, how efficiently, and by whom? And at this stage, we can't even be sure that the $6 billion in "new" money which the President proposes to hand states and localities will add to their incomes, as is illustrated by one question and answer at a White House briefing last week:

Question – "Since the matching requirement is dropped, is it likely that there will be less money spent by the states and localities in fiscal '72 than there was in fiscal '71, even though you were adding five billion dollars or six billion dollars in new money?"

Answer – "That is up to them [the states and localities]."

As a philosophy of government the New Federalism is as new as the States' Rights doctrine. It presumes that the federal government is a less beneficent and responsive servant of the people than state, city or county governments. The idea finds little support in experience. When Governor Reagan says that "decentralizing the federal government" is "very revolutionary," he is talking nonsense.

This argument has gone on within the Republican Party for a long time. President Eisenhower took the Nixon position when he came to office in 1952, aiming at a "revolution" in the national government by "trying to make it smaller rather than bigger and finding things it can stop doing instead of seeking things to do." The other line of thought in Republican tradition is Theodore Roosevelt's, and it is one we have been more or less following the past 40 years. TR's New Nationalism put "the national need before sectional or personal advantage." "It is impatient," Roosevelt said, "of the utter confusion that results from local legislatures attempting to treat national issues as local issues. It is still more impatient of the impotence which springs from overdivisions of governmental powers, the impotence which makes it possible for local selfishness or for legal cunning, hired by wealthy special interests, to bring national activities to a dead end."

Don't Ask

"One hundred years ago, Abraham Lincoln stood on a battlefield and spoke of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Too often since then, we have become a nation of the Government, by the Government and for the Government."
– Richard Nixon, *January 22*

How true. How often the government not only neglects to ask the people whether it may, but doesn't tell them when it does. We were reminded of that again last week by Sen. Clifford P. Case's legislative proposal to cut Radio Free Europe free from CIA funds, something most of us thought the Katzenbach Committee had accomplished in 1967. President Johnson publicly accepted that report's recommendation that "no federal agency shall provide covert financial assistance or support direct or indirect, to any of the nation's educational or voluntary organizations," and that "no programs currently would justify any exceptions to this policy." So that was that, and we turned

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to other things. But CIA still subsidizes the allegedly private Radio Free Europe. Or have we been deceived into thinking it is private by all those ads? Apparently so. In response to Senator Case, the State Department's Robert McCloskey says that RFE is "not an educational or private voluntary organization," and so the restrictions against secret funding do not apply. Then it is a governmental organization, in which case why have we not been told, and why is its budget not debated by the appropriators of public funds? Actually, the CIA is the conduit of "unvouchered funds," a handy device allowed by Congress in the National Security Act of 1947. A review of that Act would be a good place to start if Senator Case believes Congress and the people should be cut in on what's going on.

Secret bureaucracies have a life of their own. A case in point is the CIA Meo operation, the "clandestine army" of at least 25,000 men, which in less hectic days played cat's paw with the Communists in the hills of Laos and did a little inconsequential spying on the rugged, unmarked China border. What these wretched bands of Meos are to discover of military significance that cannot be learned by satellite is something that has never been explained.

Subterfuge on a much more dangerous level goes on in Cambodia. Secretary Rogers assures us that there are no US ground troops there. But, says the Department of Defense, the Green Berets are right over the border in Thailand and in South Vietnam. Doing what? Training Cambodian troops. And in Cambodia? Jerry W. Friedheim, the Pentagon spokesman, states that American Embassy personnel in Phnompenh are helping the Cambodians get acquainted with new American military equipment, to show them "where the on and off buttons are." No troops, just "military delivery teams," and helicopters over the tree tops.

Goo and More Goo

According to Standard Oil of California, the collision of the *Oregon Standard* and the *Arizona Standard* two weeks ago unleashed 840,000 gallons of black, sludgy oil into San Francisco Bay. The figure may be somewhat low, but it matters little. The ecological damage caused by the tanker collision is greater than that which resulted from the Santa Barbara oil leak of 1969 (420,000 gallons according to Union Oil, although other estimates are higher), or from the Gulf of Mexico spill for which Chevron, a Standard subsidiary, was fined. More oil-soaked birds were found in the first week after the tanker collision than in the four months following the Santa Barbara disaster, and the damage to sea life is as yet unknown. Beautiful beaches and estuaries within the Bay and along the coast have been badly, though not irretrievably soiled. Not to be outdone, the East Coast managed its own massive oil spill five days later, when a Humble Oil Company (Standard of New Jersey) tanker ran aground in New Haven Harbor spilling 385,000 gallons of light fuel oil.

The worst part about the San Francisco disaster is that it revealed how little has been done to cope with the danger of oil spills. The tankers which collided were sailing at night through dense fog, a money-saving risk which Standard Oil never should have taken. Planes don't take off in zero-visibility weather and tankers or other ships with hazardous cargoes shouldn't either.

Clean-up techniques are as primitive as they were two years ago at Santa Barbara. Farmers trucked in hay which volunteers pitched onto oil-splattered beaches; a few boats equipped with skimming devices were deployed; floating booms were used to protect small lagoons and marinas; aerial scanning devices were employed. All of this required an enormous outpouring of voluntary manpower, and none of it worked very well.

The Nixon Administration, which is prepared to spend tens of millions of dollars to enable East Coast executives to fly the Atlantic in three rather than five hours, allocated just $2 million last year to oil pollution research. Standard Oil boasts that it spent $100,000 preparing contingency plans for a San Francisco oil spill, but that is barely a fraction of what it devotes to all those "we care about the environment" ads. And the problem is likely to get worse before it gets better. Almost all the oil companies are investing heavily in supertankers with up to ten times the capacity of the *Oregon Standard*, and deep water channels are being dredged that will permit supertankers to travel inland. If the Alaska pipeline gets built, scores of these tankers will be plying the fog-prone Pacific coast every day. One shudders to think of the damage that might have been caused had it been a supertanker of *Torrey Canyon* dimensions that cracked under the Golden Gate. And if oil from the Alaska pipeline spilled while tankers were being loaded at Valdez, the resulting sludge could pollute the Canadian and American coastline for thousands of miles.

Even more threatening to the environment than spectacular calamities, in the view of many conservationists, is the long-term accumulation of oil from small and unpublicized spills. The number of such spills is steadily rising. In San Francisco Bay alone, there were 110 oil and chemical spills in 1968, 186 in 1969 and 213 last year. Much of the oil from these spills sinks to the bottom, killing plankton and other marine life in the process. What's needed is a much greater concern for safety and nonleakage in the transport of oil and a far more efficient clean-up capability. The oil companies and William Ruckleshaus, head of the new Environmental Protection Agency, ought to take the lead.

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The Nixon Watch

Revolution or Reversal?

Eight of Mr. Nixon's assistants spent January 22 telling scores of journalists why they should pay respectful heed to the President's call for a "new American revolution." At group and individual briefings, in the most extensive and intensive effort of the kind that has occurred at the Nixon White House, the chief reason advanced by the President's men for taking the State of the Union message with the utmost seriousness was neither the grandeur of his "six great goals" nor his proposals for massive reorganization of the federal government and for expanded sharing of federal revenues with state and local governments. The chief reason offered was that the message and the legislative programs promised in it expressed a definite philosophy of government, a philosophy to which Mr. Nixon was deeply committed and which he was determined to make the nation's philosophy. Don't get lost in details that you can't have for awhile anyway, the Nixon briefers kept telling reporters and commentators. Don't fog the issue with questions that can't be answered right now. Just stick to the main point, which is the philosophy, and try to grasp it and convey it to readers and listeners.

That injunction came over loud and clear. What didn't come over so well was the philosophy. The briefers and Mr. Nixon when he delivered his message had the trouble that all New Federalists have when they try to present and justify their doctrine as an actionable philosophy of government. During and before the 1968 campaign, Mr. Nixon had no trouble with such statements as, "The time has come to reverse the flow of power from the states and communities to Washington," and "What we need now is a dispersal of power – so there is not one center of power, but many centers." Assertions of this sort and the accompanying qualifications – "I am not saying the federal government should back off from its responsibilities" – then had the honest and hollow ring of campaign simplicities. The trouble comes, as it came to Mr. Nixon in his State of the Union speech, when the contradiction has to be reconciled. Two of his White House writers, William Safire and Tom Huston, demonstrated this when they, with the President's assent, wrote and privately circulated two papers last year, respectively setting forth and criticizing the contradictory principles of the New or Nixon Federalism. Safire's advocacy of what he called "national localism" and Huston's critique of it seemed to me to be equally opaque, but Mr. Nixon was said to admire both documents as useful expositions and examinations of his philosophy. The exchange between "Publius" (Safire) and "Cato" (Huston), under pseudonyms borrowed from the original Federalist Papers, is cited at the White House now as evidence that the philosophy expounded by the President in his message was not something cooked up for the occasion or for some such invidious purpose as putting the Democratic Congress on the spot in 1972 if it fails to enact Mr. Nixon's proposals this year.

The proposals, his "six great goals," included the welfare reform that died in the last Congress; a modest national health program that will require more federal effort than federal money; environmental protections that also call for a minimum of federal expenditure; and adherence by Congress to the limits set by the President on his "expansionary" budget (with an estimated deficit of $18.5 billion this fiscal year, $11.6 billion in fiscal 1972). His and his preparatory briefers' big pitch, however, was for federal reorganization and for a very substantial enlargement of his previous undertaking to share federal revenues with states and localities. The press was told again and again, and Mr. Nixon told the senators and representatives who streamed to the White House during the week following the message, that these proposals were the absolute essentials of his 1971 program. These, it was said, were the measures needed above all others to make a reality of the President's admonition to "put the money where the needs are" and "put the power to spend it where the people are."

His proposal to abolish seven federal departments (Health, Education, and Welfare; Housing and Urban Development; Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and Transportation) and to regroup their functions, along with some independent agency functions, into four huge departments named for and "organized around" four "great purposes of government" (Human Resources, Natural Resources, Community Development and Economic Development) called on its face for enormous concentrations of federal power. Mr. Nixon acknowledged no contradiction between this prospect and his call for a dispersal of federal power. On the contrary, he argued that it would "focus and concentrate the responsibility for getting problems solved" in collaboration with refreshed and invigorated state and local governments.

The refreshment and invigoration would come from the shared federal money and the freedom in its use that would go with it to state and local governments. The sharing would take two forms, one a genuine innovation and the other not so genuine. Federal revenue amounting to a fixed proportion (1.3 percent) of the nation's total taxable personal income would be returned each year to states and localities. The only conditions limiting its use would be that states and localities share it according to a federally set formula (on average, 52 percent to the states and 48 percent to localities) and that federal laws and regulations prohibiting racial and other discrimination be observed. The base percentage would produce $5 billion for "general sharing" in the first full year of operation,

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more in years when total personal income increases.

The companion "special revenue sharing" would in fact be a sharing of funds that states and localities already get in the form of federal grants made according to predetermined federal criteria and expended under varying degrees of federal control. The aided governments would no longer have to match the federal money with their own (usually 10 to 30 percent of the total). With some extra money ($1 billion, the briefers said; $700 million, the 1972 budget message said), the conversion of these "categorical grants" to the more-or-less free grants proposed by the President would come to $11 billion for states and localities in the first complete fiscal year.

The 1972 budget message, published a week after the President spoke, disclosed some interesting details about this part of revenue sharing. Most of the converted grant programs would be in the social areas (education, urban renewal, model cities, community action) that now give the federal government the most trouble and entail the most stringent restrictions upon the use of the granted money for intended purposes in nondiscriminatory ways.

Contradictions even sharper than the overall contradiction between federal responsibility and state-local initiative studded the initial explanations, and claims. The point emphasized by the President and his spokesmen was that benefited states and localities would have much more responsibility than they are permitted today for deciding both what to do with the grant money and how to use it. In the same breath, the Administration promised to forbid its use except for the general purposes stipulated in the grants and in violation of any and all federal prohibitions against the discriminatory use of it. Scandalous misuse of granted funds, for example of the large sums intended only to improve the schooling of poor and disadvantaged children, has been exposed and proven many times. Mr. Nixon will find, as one may suspect he already knows, that he cannot, even if Congress were willing, sustain his promises of both free and adequately controlled use of such funds. The same thing may be said even of the "general sharing" money. If it is simply melded into the general funds of the benefited governments, as the Administration says it may be, how can its use be monitored and controlled unless total state or local expenditures are federally monitored? Mr. Nixon's briefers admitted that it's a valid question and wanly ducked it. All they could say about the problem was that a clause specifically including civil rights violations in the prohibitions connected with use of the money will be inserted in the draft legislation being prepared.

The first reactions in Congress suggested that such questions may be academic. Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and its ranking Republican member, John Byrnes of Wisconsin, declared their firm opposition to the essential aspects of Nixon revenue sharing. Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Senate majority leader, indicated a similar view in his gentler way. Unless the Administration generates a degree of support that its limited proposal last year signally failed to arouse, the opposition of Mills and Byrnes alone will doom revenue sharing. Federal reorganization on the scale proposed by Mr. Nixon was so remote a possibility that his White House spokesmen expected no more than languid consideration of it this year. If both proposals die, we shall see in 1972 whether Mr. Nixon and his briefers are right in disclaiming any thought or intention of settling for a good issue to run with in that Presidential year.

John Osborne

Early Bird Democrats

California Is Wide Open

Sacramento

Muskie, McGovern, Bayh, and aides of Harold Hughes drifted into California last week, peddling their wares. California Democrats liked what they saw but decided it was much too early to make purchases.

First to arrive was Muskie, who spent most of his time meeting privately with assorted party leaders and donors, primarily the former bankrollers of Hubert Humphrey. At the biennial State Democratic Convention here, he served up a trustworthy "let's-build-for-a-better-tomorrow" speech and was received warmly, though far from ecstatically. McGovern spent a night with Max Palevsky, the computer tycoon who is his chief financial backer in the state, and then made a pilgrimage to the convention where he was received with approximately the same outward enthusiasm. Bayh showed up on the last day, treated all the delegates to a champagne breakfast and delivered an arm-waving speech that didn't say much but said it effectively. Most delegates ate Bayh's food, cheered his speech, and came away with the feeling that he would make an excellent Vice President but can't be taken seriously as a Presidential contender until 1976 or 1980 (he's only 43).

All favored withdrawal from Southeast Asia by a fixed date. All criticized Nixon for failing to live up to his rhetoric – promising not to involve America in Cambodia but doing it, speaking of jobs for everyone but vetoing manpower training, vowing to fight cancer but vetoing HEW funds, talking of "bringing us together" but accomplishing the opposite. A few fine differences were detectable. To Muskie and Bayh, the war is merely a mistake, while to McGovern it is a

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moral abomination; McGovern alone explicitly favors recognizing mainland China; and of the three, McGovern speaks most convincingly about the pervasiveness of racism and the need for fairly radical changes.

Of more interest at the state convention were differences in the candidates' personalities. Muskie won the prize for coolness and wit (on Nixon's new "full employment" budget: "I wish we'd thought of that way to describe deficit spending"). McGovern seemed ahead on sincerity, and Bayh led in youthful vigor. Muskie was mildly derided for his lack of guts ("he's never done a ballsy thing in his life," remarked one delegate), while Bayh was respected for his spunk in the Haynsworth-Carswell fights and McGovern for his early opposition to the war. Of the three, McGovern came off worst on TV; he appears wooden. Hughes' men claimed ascendancy in the charisma department for their absentee.

The delegates seemed unworried about anything. They're still aglow from last November. For though Governor Reagan was reelected, George Murphy and Max Rafferty were defeated, and Democrats regained control of both houses of the legislature. The factional feuding of the 1960s has subsided. Virtually every leading Democrat in the state is now a dove, and at least nominally committed to party reform. Moreover, there is a heady feeling that Richard Nixon is a dead duck, no matter who the Democratic nominee turns out to be, and that because all of the challengers are decent men who agree on basic issues, the primaries in 1972 will not weaken the party as they did in 1968.

This confident harmony is one reason California Democrats are in no hurry to choose sides: why split up again when we have just got together? Another reason is that the primary is nearly a year and a half away. Muskie, who is well ahead today, might lose momentum in a midwest primary; McGovern might not be viable by June of 1972. Then there is the teasing riddle of Edward Kennedy: one high level California Democrat thinks Kennedy's defeat by Robert Byrd for the Democratic Whip's job makes him more rather than less likely to seek the Presidency.

Some California regulars had hoped to solidify the tenuous unity of their party by assembling a favorite son delegation under Senator Alan Cranston. Cranston scotched all such plans by announcing flatly at the state convention that he would not support a favorite son movement. If Muskie and McGovern should be the only two candidates, most observers at the moment give the edge to Muskie. His campaign undoubtedly would have a much larger war chest, although McGovern would not lack for money. McGovern will probably appeal more to black and brown voters – whose weight is crucial in a Democratic primary – but neither candidate seems likely to generate wild enthusiasm amongst minorities. Similarly, McGovern would receive more active support from college students, but hardly to the degree that Eugene McCarthy did in 1968. As the 1970 elections showed, most students are again turned off by electoral politics. Muskie's danger is that in time his low-key approach will wear thin, that he will appear too much the Establishment's man.

A lot will depend on the Indochina war. McGovern's candidacy would be boosted by a worsening of the situation in Southeast Asia, much as George Brown's primary campaign against John Tunney was invigorated by Nixon's Cambodian invasion. A winding down of the war would benefit Muskie. In any event, Tunney's victory over Brown for the senatorial nomination is viewed as an indicator that Muskie could beat McGovern no matter how the war is going. The strongest thing going for Muskie is his aura of inevitability. Any number of developments could cause him to lose it. If he does, California will be wide open, and so will the Democratic nomination.

Peter Barnes

What's Good for Oil And No One Else

When Under Secretary of State John Irwin hurried off in mid-January to meet the rulers of Iran, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, the Shah, the King and the Amir understood, or at least their ministers did, that he was not a principal in the issue that concerns them – more money for their oil. At Tehran, Finance Minister Jamshid Amuzegar was blunt enough to say, after his guest had left, "I don't know what Mr. Irwin's visit was for." The Persian Gulf rulers had every reason to regard Irwin as an agent, and a marginal one at that. The principals, whose names rarely appear even on financial pages, are the officials of the great international oil companies, Standard Oil (New Jersey) and its seven major partners in the various consortia that take most of the oil out of the Middle East, North Africa and Latin America. Lord Strathalmond of British Petroleum and George Pierey of Jersey Standard were the focus of interest in Tehran. They and their peers alone are empowered to make deals over price, production, royalties and investment. These are the matters that concern the Shah, the King, the Amir and the heads of seven other oil-producing nations who have been gradually moving towards a union to prevent the great, interlocked companies from playing one country off against another.

The great companies were totally uninterested in Irwin's tour, though it provided some useful atmospherics, helping suggest that a "crisis" was in the

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making and thereby justified the extraordinary license given to the companies – a pledge of immunity from antitrust prosecution – to work their will collectively. Operating all over the globe, engaged in decisions that bear not only on the prosperity but the peace of the world, these multinational corporations are subject to so many sovereignties that, in effect, they are really bound by none. They can and do induce nations to compete for their favors, much like the electrical machinery and textile companies here that roam from state to state, seeking the lowest taxes and the cheapest labor force.

Washington's interest in the Middle East and its chief commodity is obvious. Yet the President's representative, the second man at State, is little more than a spear carrier. In this respect, the European governments are somewhat better off. There are three non-American partners in the Big Eight: BP, Royal Dutch Shell and the *Compagnie Française Des Petroles*. The British government owns 49 percent of BP's shares and the French, 35 percent of CFP. Each government, moreover, holds two seats on the boards, thus insuring that decisions these companies make will be influenced directly by their governments' consideration of foreign policy and concern for voter-consumers.

In contrast, the big American firms (apart from Jersey Standard, they are Standard Oil of California, Mobil, Gulf and Texaco) have always been eager to get as much authority and give as little information to Washington as possible. In the Suez crisis of 1956, the companies won an antitrust immunity on the grounds that it was needed to run an emergency oil lift. In return, they let the Eisenhower Administration continue to believe that Europe was short of oil long after it was receiving more than its normal import flow. Today, there is little that has been said in public or private by Executive branch officials to indicate that the companies have been any franker in their dealings. The man who was ordered to sign the antitrust immunity, Assistant Attorney General Richard McClaren, is under the impression that he is helping competing firms resist a "cabal" of Arab and other nations ganging up to "whipsaw" the hapless companies.

This should hardly surprise anyone. It is unnatural for this Administration to see petroleum problems through eyes other than the companies'. Mr. Nixon's brave words about rolling back the domestic price increase of 25 cents a barrel last December deceived the innocent. In fact, he has permitted his agencies to write rules to "expand" supplies that leave the situation about where it would have been anyway. So far, the price increase has been unthreatened. The addition to the Cabinet of John Connally, lawyer for the late oil billionaire Sid Richardson and his estate, should spare us from even misleading words that suggest any breach between Washington and oil.

The great international firms are going to pay the producer nations more for their enormously profitable oil concessions (year in and out, Jersey Standard nets 12 percent on its investment – after taxes – and much of this comes from cheap Middle East oil). The cost will be passed on to consuming motorists and industries in Western Europe and Japan. In the view of industry specialists, the new turn of affairs will help bury the Nixon Administration's half-hearted effort to roll back the 25-cent increase imposed here by domestic affiliates of the internationals. There is no logical, economic connection between higher foreign costs and domestic prices, but one will be made. The price for oil in the United States is well above that charged elsewhere in the world, and this price is protected by the quota curbs on imports. Even after the higher costs of foreign concessions are passed on, the price of oil in Europe is still expected to be below the American level. But the industry here will argue and the Administration is expected to agree that the price increase here is now a good thing, because it will stimulate domestic exploration and reduce any potential dependence on that foreign "cabal."

By the same token, the classical economists in the Administration who have been urging a relaxation or end to the import quota system will lose ground to more practical souls like Connally. Representatives of the big companies are already saying that the Tehran "crisis" demonstrates anew that Middle East oil is "insecure" (as if Arabs could drink, instead of selling it). The nation will be told that its safety depends on keeping foreign oil to a trickle and the foes of quotas will be seen as academic dilettantes. And pressure to build the pipeline carrying hot oil under the frozen tundra of Alaska will now be irresistible.

Perhaps most importantly, the Big Eight are in a position to recreate their prewar cartel which effectively controlled the price and distribution of international oil. In recent years, the Eight have been plagued by a score of "independent" companies who have made their own deals with oil-producing nations. On occasion, they have even cut prices to their customers. Now Washington, with its promise of antitrust immunity, is urging the independents to close ranks and bargain as one with the Big Eight. The cooperative atmosphere created is likely to spread to other matters, curbing the existing and limited competition for customers and price.

Fifteen or so years ago, an Estes Kefauver or a Joseph O'Mahoney would have laid all this out for public examination. Today, aides to several senators with some responsibility in economic affairs have been conferring with an eye to exploring the immunity grant and its implications. But whether a new Kefauver or O'Mahoney will emerge, is still very much in doubt.

Bernard D. Nossiter

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It Wasn't All Leaf Raking

Why Not Another WPA?

In his State of the Union message the President spoke up in favor of "an effective work incentive and an effective work requirement" as a means for reshaping an overburdened and outmoded welfare system. He didn't elaborate. But the implication was that he meant more job training and more hustle by the trainees in a climate of expanding economic opportunity.

But that he is dead set against government being the interim employer for people on welfare had already been made abundantly clear. When he vetoed the $9.5-billion manpower and employment bill last December, which did make modest provisions for creating "jobs in the public sector," he gave as his reason that it would, in effect, bring down upon us "another WPA." "WPA-type jobs," he said then, "are not the answer for those who have them, for government which is less efficient as a result, or for the taxpayers who must foot the bill." Shades of Herbert Hoover and the Liberty League!

Meanwhile, unemployment nationwide has inched up to six percent of the labor force and welfare rolls are at their highest in history, and still rising. Of the 4.6 million workers now out of work, over a million have been in this fix for 15 weeks or longer and presumably are now on or headed for public welfare. And there, as things now look, they will have to sit and chew their nails "until something turns up."

Mr. Nixon's off-hand indictment of the WPA experience reflects either a gap in his information or an addiction to stereotypes in his thinking. In this he is not alone. To most people under forty the WPA (it stands for Works Progress Administration) is something they came across in a textbook. And to many – maybe most – of those over forty it evokes a cluttered mental montage of Harry Hopkins, "boondoggles," political corruption, and a lazy bum leaning on his shovel while drawing government pay.

In reality, the WPA (along with such kindred agencies as the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps) was a highly effective weapon in damping down the social and economic holocaust of the Great Depression. It did not "cure" the depression – it took a world war to do that – but it profoundly eased the depression's cruel impact upon millions of families and it helped greatly, maybe decisively, to stabilize a severely shaken social structure. Ten to twelve million jobless men – that was the score in 1932-1935 – with their families sunk for a year or more to varying depths of suffering and hopelessness can shake a social structure pretty severely. Then, as now, there were marches, demonstrations and bloody confrontations with the cops.

The Hoover Administration had refused as a matter of principle and morality to do anything directly to alleviate unemployment and its attendant destitution. Early in the tempestuous "hundred days" of the New Deal, President Roosevelt set up the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and in the next year and a half funneled nearly a billion dollars out to the states (it wasn't called revenue-sharing then), most of it to be used simply as a dole to feed the hungry and house the homeless.

Hopkins argued, and the President in time agreed, that the dole was a dead-end. It was destructive of human dignity and enterprise and yielded no returns to the state. The way to fight unemployment, he said, was with jobs where a man (or woman) could earn his keep in the time-honored way by honest toil. The formula was work relief instead of direct relief.

The WPA was launched early in 1935, its bureaucratic fingers reaching into every city and county in the nation. By the end of 1940 it had spent over $10-billion, 80 percent of it in wages scaled approximately at prevailing rates: they averaged out to between $50 and $60 a month. (Believe it or not, that was, just barely, a "living wage.") These wages went to an average of 2.1 million otherwise jobless persons during each of those years, reaching a peak of 3.5 million late in 1938. Altogether, some 8 million individuals – equivalent to one-fifth of the nation's labor force – worked on WPA projects at some time or other between 1935 and the end of 1940.

What kind of work?

Most of the thousands of projects were devised locally. They covered just about every field of human endeavor and public need: roads, streets and sewers; parks, playgrounds and levees for flood control; repair and building of schools, jails and libraries. WPA white-collar workers taught thousands of illiterates to read and write, manned hundreds of public health centers and home nursing services, refurbished invaluable land- and tax-records from ancient courthouse basements, organized symphony orchestras and theatrical companies of at least passable professional caliber, wrote and published the incomparable American Guide Series in some thirty-odd volumes. Et cetera.

Let it be said that they also sometimes raked nonexistent leaves, built roads to nowhere, exhaustively

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researched the history of the safety pin and otherwise gave substance to the term, "boondoggle." And sure enough, politics reared its ugly head here and there in their midst. Reporter Thomas L. Stokes won a Pulitzer in 1939 for his exposé of how the Democrats "bought" an election in Kentucky "with WPA money."

This is what seems so easy to remember about WPA. But one's catalogue should also include such durable monuments as New York's LaGuardia Airport and Jones Beach, which got their starts as WPA projects – as did Chicago's handsome lakefront park, St. Louis's impressive riverfront development, and the municipal recreation center in San Francisco's Aquatic Park. There are thousands of lesser monuments scattered across the land whose inscriptions have faded. No one ever claimed for WPA that it was the most efficient method of performing public works. Even so, the material return on the investment was substantial: things that urgently needed doing were done.

But WPA's big payoff was in the salvage of human values; in preserving the work skills, the pride and the initiative of millions whose faith in the democratic process had worn dangerously thin. And that is at the heart of the dilemma facing President Nixon today. His problem is not greatly different from Roosevelt's. Billions of dollars are going down the welfare drain with scarcely visible returns, either in material or human terms. At the same time that people who can, and for the most part want to, work are swelling the relief rolls by thousands each week, local governments are curtailing essential services because they are too broke to hire the people to carry them on.

Skills, morale and faith in the democratic verities are going down the drain, too. "Made work," as WPA jobs used to be called, is not the optimum solution to such a wastage. But name a better substitute until that happy day of "a full-employment economy" comes along.

Cabell Phillips

MR. PHILLIPS *worked for the WPA and the NYA in the thirties, has been on the Washington staff of* The New York Times *for over a quarter of a century, and is writing a political and social history of the forties.*

The Nuclear Plant Controversy — II

Power and Hot Water

by Ralph E. Lapp

Twin silos, massive concrete structures designed to house a pair of powerful nuclear reactors now interrupt the shores of Chesapeake Bay at Calvert Cliffs, about an hour's drive from the White House. Baltimore Gas and Electric Company is "going nuclear," raising almost $400 million to build Maryland's first nuclear-electric station. The Baltimore utility picked a rather isolated site for its nuclear venture, buying the Goldstein family farm to accumulate 1135 acres stretching along two miles of the Bay. A roadsign on Route 4 welcomes you to "Tranquil Living at Tidewater," but the serenity of the scene has been disturbed by hot controversy over the environmental impact of the nuclear plant.

Visitors are invited to view the massive construction job at Calvert Cliffs from the vantage point of an observation platform overlooking the Bay. A project engineer's recorded voice directs your attention to the expanse of water reaching over to Taylor's Island across the six mile narrows of Chesapeake Bay. "A tremendous amount of cooling water is available," advises the engineer. Conservationists do not agree and they have joined to protect the Bay. Jess W. Malcolm, executive director of the Chesapeake Bay Foundation and king pin in the Quad-C (Calvert Cliffs Coordinating Committee) organization, charges that "the site location was chosen by the Company and the plant was well underway before most of the construction permits were issued and before application was made to the State for permission to use Chesapeake Bay water for cooling purposes."

Before giving both sides of the "hot water" or "thermal pollution" debate, I should explain why so much cooling water is needed by electric power plants. Calvert Cliffs running full blast at its rated power of 1,690,000 kilowatts will gulp in 3 1/2 billion gallons of Bay water a day. This is required to provide cooling

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capacity to condense steam discharged from the turbines that spin the rotors of generators to produce electric energy. In my first article in this series, it was noted that the nuclear reactor core is itself water-cooled; this water is continuously recirculated in the primary heat loop which feeds into a heat exchanger that transfers energy to a secondary heat loop. This, again, is a closed cycle in which water is changed to steam. Steam, whether produced by a nuclear reactor or a coal-fired boiler, is the work horse that propels the blades of a turbine whose shaft drives an electric generator. Thus we have two closed water loops and the third is open to the Bay.

Coal-fired steam plants need less water cooling for the same electric output for two reasons. First, some heat goes up the smokestack and is let loose in the atmosphere. Second, coal plants perform at higher thermal efficiency than nuclear plants, because the latter operate under more conservative design to insure their safety. If Calvert Cliffs were a coal-burner instead of a uranium burner, it would require 40 percent less coolant flow from the Chesapeake. This assumes that the water would be heated up to the same degree in passing through the condenser.

In the case of the Calvert Cliffs reactors, the engineers sought to minimize the thermal impact of the condenser discharge by designing a system that heats up the coolant water by a maximum of 10°F. Many reactors use less water, but at the expense of heating it up twice as much or even more. A system has been engineered to draw in water from a 4800-foot-long trench projecting into the Bay. This cooler water will then be passed through the condensers and jetted into the offshore area at a temperature less than the 90°F limit imposed by Maryland regulations. Of course, if the intake temperature of the water exceeds 80°F, which it might do on the hottest days (when air conditioning loads peak the demand for electricity), then the plant will have to reduce its power output to conform with the temperature limit.

Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel knew that he was in for trouble on the nuclear issue, and so he set up a Task Force on Nuclear Power Plants July 10, 1969. Dr. William W. Eaton was appointed chairman of a 17-man group which included 11 Ph.D.s, some with long experience in nuclear science and technology. The Task Force's 170 page report, released January 5, 1970, concluded that Calvert Cliffs nuclear station "does not in itself constitute a threat to the State of Maryland or its citizens, nor will the plant seriously impair the quality of the Chesapeake Bay environment." The first technical item considered in the study is "thermal effects," and it estimates that the nuclear plant discharge-water will dissipate its heat so that only about 23 acres or less than a twentieth of one square mile of the Bay will be heated 3°F or more. Less than 10 percent of the Bay offshore will exhibit a temperature rise of 1°F or more, the Task Force says, and the average temperature increase in this tidal segment will be 0.4°F. Dr. William Eaton later testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations, headed by Senator Edmund S. Muskie: ". . . If one imagines the Chesapeake Bay to be reduced to the size of an olympic swimming pool, the amount of water which the Calvert Cliffs plant will take in and add 10° and put back, at that scale is a teaspoonful a second." This he characterized as "infinitesimal." Environment-conscious Bay area objectors think of it as 3½ billion gallons a day.

Baltimore Gas and Electric was prepared for outcries about thermal pollution and has earmarked $1,325,000 for studies of the problem through 1975. The utility contracted with the Alden Research Labs of Worcester Polytechnic Institute to make model surveys of a 34-mile section of the Bay. It is believed that the tidal flow of 5600 billion gallons of water a day across the neck of the Chesapeake will promote adequate mixing and buffer the thermal shock.

Counter arguments center on the unique nature of an estuary, a tidal-affected inlet where salt and fresh water meet, which supports rich marine life. Conservationists stress that the migratory habits of nektonic (active pelagic swimming) organisms are not well enough known to permit determining the effect of massive admixtures of warm water to shallow waters. For example, they cite the up-and-down the Bay habits of the bluefin crab which, it appears, winters off Calvert Cliffs before crawling northward. Slight temperature changes in water can serve as a repellant barrier in summer and as an attractive lure in the winter, artifically prolonging the feeding season. Basically, the anti-utility Bay people maintain that we simply don't know enough to predict that thermal pollution will do no damage to their water resource.

The "antis" form a loosely knit coalition that includes a wide range of species, from the fanatic ecological type or *eco-kook* to the philosophical objector who is simply against *growth*. I call the latter the Zeroists since they want zero growth of electric power. Around some parts of the Bay they do not use much power, and the Zeroists see no reason why they should see their Bay spoiled by plants and powerlines that pipe the energy into the PJM pool, i.e. the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Maryland Interconnection. From their viewpoint, the risk-benefit equation is cockeyed: Calvert County takes the risks and Atlantic City gets the benefits. But there's another slant: Baltimore Gas and Electric will bring in about $2½ million per year, in tax revenue, which is more than the total Calvert County revenue for 1968.

Calvert County doesn't have many businessmen,

Ralph E. Lapp *is author of* Arms Beyond Doubt. *The first article of this three-part series appeared in* The New Republic *of January 23.*

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but some of them take a dim view of the anti-nuclear people. "I don't know how much taxes the ducks are paying" says Paul Kermin, president of nearby Drum Point Association, "but I am paying a hell of a lot of taxes, I know that. If the will of these so-called conservationists prevails, we can go back to sleep with the squirrels and mosquitoes and we will be awakened by the tax collector." So the antis have their antis.

One of the antipeople told me that he wasn't so worried about a single nuclear plant, but he said: "Calvert Cliffs is just the beginning. They will ring in the Bay." This argument is well founded if one looks up the kilowatt growth curve, knowing that the Zeroists will not stop its ascent. And it raises the issue of where Maryland and the nation will find enough water to cool its power plants, not just nuclear but fossil-fueled units as well.

According to a survey published last month in *Power* magazine, the US power plants require 57 trillion gallons of cooling water per year. Most of this is once-through river water, i.e. passed through the plant condenser and returned to the river. Some is recirculated in cooling towers which involve evaporative loss to the atmosphere so that there is actually consumption of the water on site. It takes about 40 gallons of water for every kilowatt-hour of electric energy produced – more for nuclear plants, even less for fossil plants. Futurizing electric energy use in USA (see "Where Will We Get the Energy?" *The New Republic*, July 11, 1970), I would estimate the US power-water needs as 360 trillion gallons for the year 2000. Total fresh water run-off in the US amounts to 450 trillion gallons per year, and not all of it is available for coolant purposes. The nation has access to plenty of cold seawater but the means will have to be found to pipe the power in from ocean "power islands" and to transmit the power economically over long distances. Utilities find it even more difficult to secure the right of way for overhead transmission lines than they do to find acceptable reactor sites.

Once-through water can be used more than once if we regard cooling only as a temperature problem. For instance, the Ohio River acts as a multiple-use coolant pipe for a total of 40 steam-electric plants with an 18 million kilowatt generating capacity, yet the river flow past Cincinnati is only about twice that of the Calvert Cliffs plant use on a per day basis. A Federal Power Commission 1969 report on "Problems in Disposal of Waste Heat from Steam-Electric Plants" estimates that the Ohio River could accommodate 40 million kilowatts of new nuclear capacity. The explanation is that water that is used up-river cools off, giving up added heat to the atmosphere, so that the allowable spacing between power plants could be 25 miles.

Raising water temperature reduces the contained oxygen, and very often the condenser pass-through involves addition of chemicals to control growth formations on the pipe surfaces. Additionally, corrosion may inject significant quantities of metals into the water. Utilities are wary of siting new power plants, nuclear or conventional, even if it would appear that thermal pollution is *not* a real hazard. However, they are limited in their choices for plant sites, and the undeniable fact is that before 1990 a total of 255 new plant sites will have to be pinpointed. In this connection a White House report by the Office of Science and Technology, "Considerations Affecting Steam Power Plant Site Selection" issued two years ago, should be required reading for all environmentalists. The OST or Freeman report notes that "these sites will contain twice the capacity of all of our existing power plants at an investment of upwards of $80 billion." This considerably understates the total capital expenditures for the electric energy system which in 1970 amounted to $11.6 billion, including outlays for transmission and distribution. The investment over the next 15 years in energy systems for production of electric power will probably exceed $250 billion. This must be regarded as an index of how much is at stake as conservationists confront the utilities.

With utilities shying away from once-through use of river water and currently under fire for once-through utilization of lake water, where will they turn? The Freeman report estimates that 158 of the 492 major power sites projected for 1990 will employ cooling towers. It assumes, however, "that a few degrees rise in temperature of the cooling water medium will be permissible under practical regulations." Obviously more stringent temperature limitations would cause utilities to opt for more towers.

Cooling towers can be used for chilling once-through water or for closed-loop recirculation of the same water. For example, a river-sited plant may use a bank of forced-draft coolers in which discharge water from plant condensers is splashed over fill material and subjected to air circulated by means of powerful fans. The cooled water is then returned to the river. Such systems often provide temporary cooling in order to meet water standard requirements during hot summer days. The fans are noisy, cost money to operate, and the units take up considerable area.

A number of utilities are building huge natural draft towers (called hyperbolic because of their concave sides) as high as 500 feet. TVA's Paradise Steam Plant in western Kentucky features three towers, each of which has a base area large enough to cover a football field. These are "wet" towers in which evaporation takes place; this water is lost to the atmosphere and has to be made up for by adding new water to the recirculating coolant. For high-power plants even the make-up water amounts to 30 to 40 million gallons a day, an amount that is not available as fresh water in places like Calvert Cliffs. The project engineer at that site assured me that it would be infeasible to use salt water cooling since the blown spray

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would be dispersed over large areas of Maryland's tobacco and corn fields.

Still another type of water cooling tower is possible, namely, the dry-type in which no water escapes from the recirculation system. This is essentially the same as the water-cooling used in automobiles. But it's costly and many utilities feel they could not get it approved by Public Utility Commissions. A dry-type tower could be used at Calvert Cliffs, given such approval, but the huge structures would certainly punctuate the shoreline and raise cries of esthetic pollution. It should be added that a radiator-type tower is not in the plans of any large powerplant for the US.

Where space is available, water may be artificially impounded to form a cooling pond or reservoir, but two square miles of surface may be required. Such an option is rarely open to near-metropolitan sites, but it is being adopted by Virginia Electric and Power Company for its North Anna River nuclear power station, where an 11,000 acre lake will permit a four million kilowatt generating capacity.

The Great Lakes constitute a tremendous volume of naturally impounded water and the utilities plan a necklace of power plants for one of them – Lake Michigan. It has become a storm center of controversy as lawyers battle the utilities and housewives pitch in. Commonwealth Edison has sited a two nuclear unit station (2,100,000 kilowatts are scheduled for 1973) at Zion, just above Waukegan, Illinois as the first of its lake-front installations. The Chicago-based utility has sited seven more nuclear units downstate on river bank locations. Indiana & Michigan Electric is building its 2.2 million kilowatt nuclear plant, the Donald C. Cook Plant, on the Michigan shore next to the Warren Dunes State Park. But the fury of the opposition centers on the Palisades Plant of Consumers Power Co. of Michigan. Sited 16 miles north of Benton Harbor in sand dunes country, the 700,000 kilowatt plant has been held up for over half a year as the AEC's Atomic Safety and Licensing Board hears testimony and tries to deal with the hard-hitting tactics of young Myron M. Cherry. This particular case has involved more than hot water (the utility has obtained a water permit from the Michigan Water Resources Commission) as the lawyer questions the competence of the contractor and the quality of the plant construction.

The thermal impact of power plant waste heat on a lake is a much argued matter because of the stratification of the body of water into an upper layer (epilimnion) and a deep stratum (hyplimnion), separated by a thermocline in which the temperature drops from its upper to its lower values. The dynamics of the lake's water layers are not well understood and fishermen oppose dumping waste heat in Lake Michigan. The unpredictable ecological consequences of adding heated water to lakes will certainly limit their role as receptors for the unwanted thermal discharges from power plants. It would seem inevitable that utilities will have to incorporate some form of cooling into their construction plans, and equally inevitable that customers will have to pay higher rates for electricity.

The United States is approaching the environmental limits that its water resources will tolerate as coolants for waste heat. Any doubt on this score vanishes when one realizes that power production complexes are headed in the direction of massive installations, each generating several million kilowatts of electric power. Ours is the most heated society in the world, a point driven home by reflecting on the fact that in this century the US will consume energy whose production involves release of the heat equivalent of 250 billion tons of coal. Fortunately for our collective health only about a fourth of this energy will come from burning coal. We will still be burning coal at the end of the century and plenty of it, but over half of our electric energy will be atom-produced. If the 1,200,000 kilowatt power limit suggested in my first article is adopted, this will mean that over 500 nuclear power reactors will be operating by the year 2000. An equal amount of electric power capacity will be tapped using fossil fuels. All plants will dump their thermal discharges into the local environment.

Conservationists have been handed two new powerful weapons in their battle against thermal pollution of the nation's waterways. One is the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969. This potent instrument of policy forces federal agencies to prepare environmental impact statements for projects in their domain. The other is the Water Quality Improvement Act of 1970 (the "Muskie" Act). Both Acts force the Atomic Energy Commission, for example, to revise its procedures in approving utility applications for power reactor construction permits and operations licenses. Now each power company has to submit a thorough study of the probable effect of its plant on the local environment. The AEC, in turn, must file a detailed evaluation of this environmental statement and solicit the comments of other governmental agencies. The effect of the two congressional acts is to make the utilities highly heat-conscious. Heat is no longer something you throw away – not without assessing its impact, first.

Science has cracked the atom and technology has thrust man to the moon; can't the combination get us power without heat? The answer is negative so far as the next several decades is concerned. However, the thermal efficiency of both fossil and nuclear plants will improve, thereby easing the thermal burden on the environment on a per kilowatt basis. But coal, oil, natural gas and uranium will be the mainstay of our energy generation, and the plants that will burn them in the year 2000 are already being designed and constructed.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Little Murders

(20th Century-Fox)

Four years after its Broadway premiere, I'm now resigned to a future with *Little Murders* as a thorn in my side. Jules Feiffer's play will always fascinate me and will always dissatisfy me. Besides the first Broadway production, I've seen it off Broadway, have read it twice, and have now seen the film version. There are elements in this play that would do credit to the best surrealist playwrights, like Aragon and Vitrac, but it falters. And the film, I think, falters in its own way.

The Newquists, who live in hazardous Manhattan, have a college-student son and a 27-year-old bachelor-girl daughter, Patsy. She brings home her latest boy friend, Alfred, to meet her family. Alfred is a big, gentle, "apathist" photographer. Soon he and Patsy marry, and the violence of the city, which has been peripheral, reaches in when a sniper shoots Patsy. (Her other brother had been killed by a sniper a few years before.) This murder shoves the periphery into the center, and the play – the film, too – ends in a bacchanal of murder.

This last scene is one of the best in postwar American drama. Exalted in frenzy, it soars past black humor, past any snug or smug social satire, to a burning-clean comic distillation of horror and thwarted love. It frightened and moved me both times I saw it on stage and, almost again, on film. There are a few other moments in the play that approach this scene; there are many moments that are funny. But, in general, it's a bumpy trip from beginning to end, even though the least of *Little Murders* is above run-of-the-mill satire.

By now it's a commonplace (I'm one of those who have said it) that this play reflects a cartoonist's occupational predispostion – it's a collection of strips and panels. The film underscores this and other discrepancies. The play starts as a realistic comedy: with jokes about power failure, about a tiny TV set being taken out of a huge cabinet, and – the script's low point – the father's objection to being called by his detested first name, Carol. (As if he had just been given the name, as if he had not been married 30 years.) In spite of the realistic air, the family is incredibly cool about the son mindlessly murdered a few years before. The play begins as (flawed) realistic satire and ends in surrealism. It keeps shunting back and forth throughout, neither consistent in texture nor consistently changing – with an accelerating spin from the real to the surreal.

But the main trouble is the main action, the drama between Patsy and Alfred. She keeps trying to convert the "apathist" to feeling and response. There are some arbitrary flip-flops in this tussle just before she is killed, but the chief fault is that it is all about a quite different subject from the ostensible theme of the play. That theme is the increasingly evident violence in our world, irrupting because of social and political forces that are pressing it out like pus from a boil. This is a very different subject from the matter of placid affable calm in Alfred that Patsy is trying to heat up. He tells us, in a hilarious scene, that he has withdrawn from competitive involvement because of the absence of real values in the world. What has that to do with violence? He tells us, in a beautiful speech (regrettably condensed in the film), that the first chill he got was in college because of a government agent who was reading his mail. But how is this incident – a Kafka-like anecdote about bureaucratic insecurity and guilt – related to the pathology of the New York jungle? Alfred's apathy does not connect with the play, and the scenes between him and Patsy don't advance or dramatize the theme. When Patsy finally converts Alfred and at that moment is killed by a sniper, the shooting seems to change the subject, instead of capping the scene. (So the shooting never "works.")

In his film script, Feiffer has naturally opened up the play, making narrative of the original exposition. We see the young couple meet, and Alfred's first appearance is nicely prepared by the sounds of an off-screen fight. A resort hotel, famous for its mating games, comes in for a good workout. When the couple return from the hotel to Patsy's apartment, they find it wrecked and cleaned out by burglars, with anti-white-folks slogans on the wall, and they take it in calm stride – *c'est la New York vie*. In the hippie church where they are married is a sign: "Support the Newark 85."

But some of the alterations don't help. Feiffer has inserted a visit by Alfred to his long-forsaken parents in Chicago, which gives us nothing but familiar cartoons on psychiatry and culture-vulturism and which muddles the abstract quality of Alfred by providing a dossier that isn't even a dossier. In the play, the first time we see Alfred after Patsy's murder, he is in high gear, cheerful and busy in his new mania of violence. This abrupt change is one of the best moments, in both its impact and its implications. In the film, after Patsy's death, Alfred goes through a period of catatonia, which injects a hurtful sentimental note. Worse, his shift from catatonia into mania is made to depend on a walk in Central Park, which for no apparent reason is a catalyst. Worse still, the park scene looks so normal that it contradicts the atmosphere in the Newquist apartment, before and after, which is supposed to indicate a changed world outside.

There are some very good performances. Marcia Rodd is at last the right Patsy, both metallic and pathetic. Elliott Gould, who was Alfred on Broadway (he was unknown then!), is even better here, with bearlike gentleness and puzzlement. From the off-Broadway cast come Elizabeth Wilson and Vincent Gardenia, the parents, and Jon Korkes, the younger brother; the first two are first-rate, Korkes is all right in an easy part. Donald Sutherland floats through, as a hippie minister. Alan Arkin, who also directed, is good as Detective Practice. A revue-skit bit like this, as opposed to acting, is the kind of thing he does best.

But Arkin's direction doesn't help the discomforts of the script. I had hoped that the film version might unify the work, by providing a consistent visual texture to blend the inconsistent modes: a surrealist *look*, even when the work is at its most naturalist. This isn't done. On the contrary, Arkin emphasizes the naturalism. A particularly bad moment is when the camera pulls back from Patsy's death to show us the actual sniper at an opposite window, thus raising questions of identity and motive in what had been simply some more

(Continued on page 36)

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Saul Maloff: A Nasty Little Prig

Dealing, or The Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues by "Michael Douglas"

(Alfred A. Knopf; $5.95)

The packaging of this collaborative effort by the phenomenal young author of *The Andromeda Strain*, Michael Crichton, and his kid brother Douglas screams of countless hilarities to come: far more than a mere wrapping, the dust jacket is a heady experience of bubbling mirth. On the back, where a photograph of the author usually grimaces or smiles sardonically or looks wistfully into the distance, there is a family-album one of two small boys. The caption reads "Michael Douglas" in quotes; and the credit line, with boyish simplicity: "Mom." The title, in pop-yellow and vibrant black, almost fills the front, leaving marginal room for a series of frisky cartoons of a "Head," a "Narc," a bag of "Gold" (presumably the grassy rather than the metallic kind), and a girl in fringed leather being hauled off by two burly men. Now get this title: *Dealing, or The Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues.* Oh, wow!

And that's not all, not by a country mile. The usual legal disclaimer is modified to read that any resemblance to real persons is "either coincidental or the result of stoned paranoia" and all of it is dedicated "To the Lawmakers of Our Great Land: Play This Book Out LOUD!" And then, after four epigraphs (Thoreau, Art Linkletter, Billie Holliday and Fats Waller), you arrive, battered, breathless but quiveringly expectant, at the beginning of the novel itself.

Now you may not find any of this ingratiating, but stay a while; for this book wants to tell us something – and it does, though not always what it intends. "Dealing," as any child knows, is trafficking in dope; and here, as the very type-font proclaims, the dealer is Peter Harkness, not only the protagonist-narrator but the hero of his own tale. What's more, square society, with its booze and armamentarium of pills, is represented by the most vicious of cops, a sadistic, corrupt narc named Murph, himself a dealer in soft goods lifted from his victims. Masks in place, the forces of Light and Darkness are thus aligned.

But even masks need a few features, so the authors provide them, beginning immediately with the entire hip lexicon, strung across the opening pages like day-glo baubles, the principle being that those who authentically speak in tongues must be beautiful, especially if they burn their margin of profit by turning on. Naturally the hero happens to pass Sproul Plaza during a demonstration and a police riot. And then there must be a girl, and her name, if at all possible should be Sukie. In fact her name is Sukie. Damn if she hasn't just come from the Sproul Plaza scene. They meet cute. They turn on, again and again and again; and then they are ready. But it is not meant to be: at *the* critical moment, the fuzz break in and bust them.

If you haven't from the opening shot of Harkness in a Westward-bound plane, then by now, surely, you're seeing the novel as a movie-scenario, scene for scene, shot for shot; and unless you're stone deaf you're hearing the score too: bongos, amplified guitar, and the theme song, "Dealing."

This turned-on Government major from Harvard is all guts. Under interrogation by the narcs – by the dreaded Murph himself – he more than holds his own, more than stands up, he gives better than he gets. Even when he's kicked in the groin, twice, he doesn't yield an inch. Same with his parents: when that square (a lawyer, for God's sake), who is given to sucking on his pipe and snorting, appears disquieted by his son's part-time vocation, Peter really tells the old man off. And his mother – tearful, silly, doting; why his mother – now just get this, will you. One time Peter and his mother were having an argument over Vietnam, and she'd questioned some figures he'd used on war spending – told him she didn't believe them and asked him where he'd dug them up. "'Bernard Fall, mother,'" he said. And do you know what she said? You're not going to believe this, but she said: "Well, who in God's name is Bernard Fall?'" Peter says, to us not to her: "Oh, well." As well he might. She'd never even *heard* of Bernard Fall, much less read him. Probably thinks Jean Lacouture is the name of a perfume, or a high-fashion designer. *You* try arguing with a woman like that. I mean, what are you going to say when there's absolutely no frame of reference, let alone a universe of discourse?

Not that Peter is political, unless post-political is political. The Sproul Plaza scene isn't his: it's there mainly for its cinematic mileage. He has some fun early on putting down a Black Power spokesman and a self-designated "Marxist-Leninist." Nor is he into any sector of the peace movement. Dealing is his scene – and scandalizing the bourgeoisie. Back in Cambridge, he goes to a garden party. A garden party, for God's sake! Everyone is dressed as for a garden party – but Peter comes decked out in his credentials, a "pair of greasy blue jeans, a rumpled, plasticly-freaky shirt . . . a tired old blazer, and sneakers." Once there, he amuses himself by spilling numerous bottles of "hooch" all over the lawn, and when the "fun of hassling the old dudes" wears off, he engages in the rich comedy of conning some incredibly square chick into actually believing he's the rock star "Lucifer Harkness." "You dig it?" he keeps asking. "Groovy," he keeps saying. "Outasight." And she keeps exclaiming, "Gol-lee"; just like that, and only that.

The boy is as nasty a little prig as you're likely to meet anywhere between Boston and Berkeley, bereft of the smallest redeeming feature or shred of social utility; and yet the authors don't have the slightest doubt that we'll love him as they do, no questions asked. The implied plea (Legalize Pot) is spurious, a clumsy attempt at blackmailing us into assent. We know all about the narcs and the insane laws they execute. And since the book is nothing more than

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a shoddy plastic construction, whom is it for? Its success – and it reeks of it – has already been announced in advance of publication by an influential trade publication which prophesies (accurately, no doubt) large paperback and movie sales, and elegantly declares it to have the "ring of truth" and an "enormous talent for the comic and a good understanding of the language and attitudes of young people." If this is even in part true, one must conclude with dismay that there is abroad in this land a vast audience of "young people" of all ages, all of them tuned into the same drummer, all of them decked out in the same plasticly-freaky shirt bought in the same trendy shop who will take any sleazy commodity providing the right signs are flashed, so they know where they're supposed to be at. The last book they read is *Love Story*, and the next is now being written by the hundreds.

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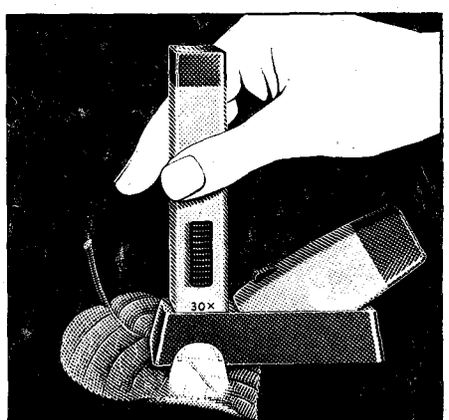

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Henry Beetle Hough: A Kilkenny Boy

American Rainbow, Early Reminiscences by Francis Hackett

(Liveright; $7.95)

"Our human trashbasket of trial and error is crammed with more than rubbish," Francis Hackett writes in this volume of reminiscenses gathered together from his manuscripts by his widow, Signe Toksvig, and published eleven years after his death. He found so much of glint and sparkle that his title, "American Rainbow," is more than a euphemism for the experience of a Kilkenny boy arriving at the foot of 23rd Street and North River at the age of 18 in 1901 and in twelve years becoming one of America's finest critics and a member of the original editorial staff of *The New Republic*. He discerned more colors in the earth than most writers do in the sky, but most of all in people.

"Being Irish, I lived in relationships, the more human the better." This was when he held his first job as law office clerk at $3.50 a week and washed seventeen ink bottles every Monday morning.

The passions he brought from Kilkenny were characteristic: against the British Empire, for Parnell's Ireland, against the Irish brand of religion – "more tribal than spiritual" – and for literature. No one asked him "What's in your imagination, immigrant?" – in his case the most important of inquiries. He wanted to write, but also to live and discover in an America that "permits convictions to be personal." He felt that "the hoax of the 'masses' [was] no better than the blind affirmations of the mass. Why must the faithful be sheep? Why not men and women? It was for this that democracy was invented."

His progress through trial and error illumines the America of a transitional period, particularly in his evocations of men and women he encountered. He had some close calls: office boy, messenger, book cloth salesman, storekeeper for a nautical preparatory school that never put to sea, scanning waybills for the Chicago and Alton. But mediocrity was not for him. He wrote pieces for journals in Ireland, he met John Quinn and was made to feel at home among literary figures in the Little Room in Chicago.

At length, on assignment for *The Reader*, a magazine in Indianapolis, he exposed the drudgery at Marshall Field's and the spectacular falsifications of Hearst's yellow journalism, and was soon writing editorials for the Chicago *Post*. America was "too full of gorgeous bounty to be spared" but "every nickel that the meek paid for milk or bread, or cigars, or carfare, or telephone slugs, or midday coffee had been tagged by corporation lawyers for the benefit of the sharpest men. . . ."

A year of living and teaching at Hull House, along with his newspaper work, left eloquent memories of Jane Addams. In 1909 he was graduated from editorial writing to full responsibility for a Friday literary supplement of the *Post* with a review by himself on the front page each week. The *Post*'s Friday circulation rose, and "there was not a publishing house in New York that had not some man in it that welcomed" the paper.

He dealt "with reality on sober terms," recognizing that "clergymen had become fossils and, on the other hand, business had become ruthless," rejecting "the current estimate of wholesomeness," and not hesitating "to offend 'the damned old ladies' who read the paper to be soothed." In literature, he believed, "on the lowest level you are down to the effrontery of patent medicines. But as between such rough and ready commerce and the ultimate verdict of a specialist, the newspaper critic can be an extremely important guide to the public, provided he can judge for himself and convey the grounds on which he judges."

He resigned in 1911 to write a novel that was never finished, and in 1913, because of a review he had written of

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Herbert Croly's "The Promise of American Life," he was invited to join in the launching of *The New Republic.*

These reminiscences are full of his accurately pouncing judgments, the color and spirit of his sense of life and justice, and of portraits memorable and entertaining; John Quinn, "the most combative mortal I ever knew, though not quarreling with his bread and butter"; Joe Patterson who "dwelt, and preferred to dwell, in the heart of darkness"; Learned Hand who once "was dancing naked under a waterfall with vine leaves in his hair"; William Jennings Bryan who "made intellectuals wrinkle their noses, whose brain told him next to nothing, but whose hazel twig made him a water finder in the desert."

There are here, also, the warmth, valor, humor, and affection valued by those lucky enough to have known Francis Hackett in the fullness of his tilt with the dark, the sorry, and the unjust.

Calvin Bedient: Anyone's Miserable Chagrin

The Confessions of Edward Dahlberg by Edward Dahlberg

(George Braziller; $6.50)

It is not an age for the proverb. Our artists pride themselves on being able to tread water, the aphorist on having found dry land.

Edward Dahlberg, now 70, has long refused to be a part of the age. In the 30s, Dahlberg gave up the novel for the adage – the neoplasm, as he might say, for the bone and gristle of Truth. "I had to relinquish the world for a proverb," he was to write in *The Flea of Sodom* (1950). The world did not care for his books – in great measure, I think, because Dahlberg did not care for the world. Thin and pale, his novels sickened on a reluctant realism, and Dahlberg was right to try something else.

But proverbial wisdom? Or, still more questionable, aphorisms for the sake of style? "I made apothegms," Dahlberg noted later in *The Carnal Myth* (1968), "never failing to be concerned with style first and last. . . ." More, he formed his maxims in a prose larded with Old Testament names, Classical quotations, and Jacobean oddities. Rubbed over with this rich ointment, he hoped to escape "the stinks of this age."

He was out for more than the proverb; he was ambitious to break "the Bread" of "the Fable." If he spurned *The Sun Also Rises* as "pothouse fiction" and *The Great Gatsby* as "newspaper realism," and found Faulkner a famine, it was only in part because he preferred the salt of a maxim; in the main it was because he viewed almost all contemporary literature as a betrayal of the imagination, "the only Holy Grail for mankind." Already half a sage, Dahlberg now tried to will himself into a seer. He had, he said, to lose reason for allegory; he hungered "to be mythic." He would help bring "the Spirit and the Redemption" to America.

A sour century after Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, the ambitions of Dahlberg have not been easy to realize. In these *Confessions* he relates that, as a young man working for Fox studios, he was asked to find a script for Tom Mix's horse. Doubtless it was as close as the horse ever came to genius; but, alas, a script could not be found. And so it was to be with Dahlberg and America. "Make an apothegm, a parable, a goodly barley loaf, O nonentity," he exhorts in *The Flea of Sodom,* "and save your soul." But if we look for Dahlberg's own parables and miracle loaves, we do not find them.

The truth is that Dahlberg is more a

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Joan London and Henry Anderson
"Valuable, impressive, enlightening" writes *Publishers' Weekly* of this chronicle of California's farm labor movement from the 1880s to today's successful grape strike—a story that involves Wobblies and "wetbacks," braceros and "bindlestiffs," John Steinbeck, Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Cesar Chavez. *Illustrated* $6.95

Photo by Ernest Lowe

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

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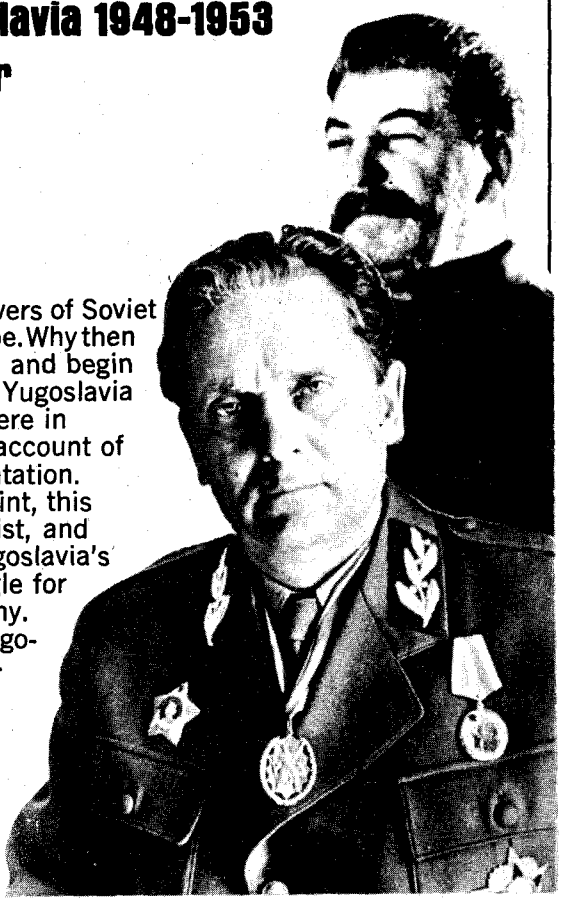
CZECHOSLOVAKIA SINCE WORLD WAR II
by Tad Szulc

The New York Times' award-winning correspondent has written the most informed and comprehensive work to date on postwar Czechoslovakia. In his brilliant and dramatic account, Szulc makes it abundantly clear that the events which shaped the country in the 1940s are inextricably linked to the 1968-1969 crisis, which the author witnessed in Prague. Much of the material is new or exclusive and comes in confidence from high Czechoslovakian political figures. $14.00

THE BATTLE STALIN LOST
Memoirs of Yugoslavia 1948-1953
by Vladimir Dedijer



They had been faithful followers of Soviet Communism in Eastern Europe. Why then did Stalin turn against them and begin the "silent strangulation" of Yugoslavia in 1948? The answers are here in Vladimir Dedijer's personal account of the Soviet/Yugoslav confrontation. From his unique vantage point, this renowned historian, journalist, and friend of Tito illuminates Yugoslavia's bloodless but searing struggle for control of her national destiny. The relationship between Yugoslavia, 1948, and Czechoslovakia, 1968, is obvious. And the growing neo-Stalinism in Russia today makes this insightful look back even more important. $8.50

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prisoner of his time than he knows. On balance he is a nihilist; his final word for life is "illicit." If he has made so much of "eloquence and style," if he tends to identify *these* with "the imagination," it is because he has been able to care so very little for any substance, any subject. He has said again and again that literature is love, but his own heart has been almost eaten away by chagrin. "Chagrin is the honey and the teacher," he observes in *The Carnal Myth;* but judging from his nastiness in these *Confessions* – to Edmund Wilson, Charles Olson, and indeed nearly everyone he has known – chagrin must rather be called the gall.

Of course there is no disappointment without love; but it is our love for ourselves, not for others, that makes us bitter. Here Dahlberg's trust and affection, his sense of proportion, crumple in the heat of hurt pride. Complaining of Olson's ebbing "fervor" for him, Dahlberg says: "I saw his scab of pride, the fleas of envy biting his entrails, and the putrid smoke of his jealousy." After this, can we believe him when he adds: "I do not care for myself and I've never embraced that sorry creature"? At the end of this book – which might better have been called *The Shames of Those I Have Known* – Dahlberg pities those who "were senseless and droll enough to suppose I required them. That was the only hoax I was ever able to impose upon these average unfeeling noddles."

An illegitimate child, perhaps never loved enough, always afraid after age six that his mother would leave him, and finally cast off "for his own good" into an orphanage, Dahlberg has developed a thirst for recognition that not all the love in the world could slake. No wonder his "subject" has so often been himself – his lusts, his career of chagrins, his superiority to those who block and defame him. Unable to leap out of his hurts in his novels, he has done so momentarily in some of his maxims, as also in passages of literary criticism – notably the remarkable fourth and sixth chapters of *Can These Bones Live* (1940). But the pull of his chagrins is relentless, and Dahlberg has repeatedly fallen into the form for which he is in fact least fitted, the memoir.

By now Dahlberg has told selected miseries of his life several times, and in *The Confessions* he comes back to

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- WORLD TRAVEL IN THE SEVENTIES *by Horace Sutton and David Butwin*
- WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT TELEVISION? *by Nicholas Johnson*
- CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN TIMES OF TURBULENCE *by Ramsey Clark*
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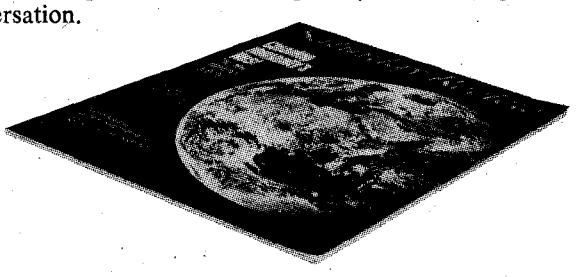

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them once again, as if to a rosary of woes. To those who know his other books, much of this one will be a trance of déjà vu. Parts II and III, on the 20s and 30s, echo *Alms for Oblivion* (1964) and pieces of other volumes. And Part I, on Dahlberg's prentice years, follows *Bottom Dogs, From Flushing to Calvary,* and *Because I Was Flesh.*

Still, Part I is a curiosity and surprise, the white elephant of this latter group. It attempts something that seems new in English, though heralded by *The Flea of Sodom:* the memoir as allegory. Here Dahlberg goes by the name of Anyone's Miserable Chagrin, his friends are Anonymous and Busy Perverse, often he is with Alone, and sometimes Reason appears before him, discharging "his buttocks . . . though he had no bowels." Chagrin matriculates in Rabble University (Berkeley), which includes an Infirmary of Liberal Arts, then in St. Pragma (Columbia), where, rebelliously, he attends lectures on "Ness" and "Nous," and a class on political economy offered by Dr. However Pointless. In the wittiest episode, he is interviewed by a vice-president of the Lord's Security Savings Bank, then ejected, his twenty-five dollars for deposit still clutched in his hand – another miserable chagrin.

The procedure piques, entices. At the same time it demonstrates the obvious: that allegory and autobiography can be mixed only to the detriment of both. Tied to his life like the tail of an erratic kite, Dahlberg's allegory is too personal, too up and down, too unsure to be autonomous or complete. On the other hand, the allegorical element makes the memoir rise too high. Not only Dahlberg but all the characters speak in an abstract aphoristic vein: "But is not all advice a bastard issue of our own unclaimed infirmities? Each man has title and deed to his woes, and neither the sheriff nor the tax collector, not even the Lord God himself can deprive him of them."

In rejecting "the world for a proverb," Dahlberg left himself with only his wisdom and his bruised vanity to love. Yet it is both a duty and a pleasure to note that in at least one book, labelled an "autobiography" at that, Dahlberg did get out of himself, very wonderfully. This is *Because I Was Flesh,* which, judging from the recent *Tri-Quarterly* Festschrift, his admirers have agreed to call his masterpiece. In substance a biography of his mother, the Jewish Polish immigrant who ran the Star Lady Barbershop under a viaduct in Kansas City, it is the one Dahlberg book in thirty years that is more than a bowl of fragrant proverbs; it is seamed together by love. Here the world meets the proverb, and neither is relinquished for the other. "Literature . . . is hallowed remembrance," Dahlberg once wrote; and in *Because I Was Flesh* he showed what truth was in his words.

Melville Ulmer: The Seamy Side

The Potentates: Business and Businessmen in American History by Ben B. Seligman

(Dial Press; $10.00)

It seems that virtue, too, is in the eyes of the beholder. The businessman in history comes through as imaginative creator, as daring risk-taker in some accounts, especially those of the more conservative observers such as Louis Hacker or Joseph Schumpeter. In others he appears as ruthless exploiter or conscienceless swindler, alternately looting the consuming public and the government treasury. It is in the latter camp that he is put by the late Ben B. Seligman, following closely in the footsteps of Gustavus Myers *(History of the Great American Fortunes),* Matthew Josephson *(The Robber Barons),* and Ferdinand Lundberg *(America's Sixty Families).*

Unlike his predecessors, Seligman provides a panoramic view instead of focusing on a relatively few malefactors of great wealth and treating each in depth. Coupled with this is the effort to be complete, to dot every historical "i", to omit no one whose name might conceivably warrant mention. The result, in *The Potentates,* is to inundate the reader with a seemingly endless flow of evil-doing – the seamy side of business – from Thomas Hancock in colonial times to the organization men "feeding at the public trough" in the present day. While there are a few intriguing capsules – Robert Morris as Superintendent of Finances for the Continental Congress bargaining with Robert Morris as leading purveyor of arms, ammunition, and other military provisions; George Washington anticipating the hauteur of Charles de Gaulle, Andrew Carnegie weeping for the men he deliberately ruined – the rush of countless facts about countless individuals all in the same vein has the grand effect, in the end, of a melody played on a single note. The book does have the value of a dictionary of sorts: look up the name of practically any prominent business family – Astor, Carnegie, Chase, Du Pont, Fisk, Harriman, Mellon, Morgan, Rockefeller, Sage, Stanford – and you'll find the skeleton in its closet.

In an endeavor to provide an analytical framework, Seligman divides American business history into periods of the Individualists (the exploiters of early America), the Masters (or financiers who dominated business through mid and late 19th century), the Makers (founders of the leading corporations in modern trade and industry), and the Procurators (those who govern other people's money as corporation heads today). The categories, however, are admittedly loose. Few masters achieved success without making anything, and barely any makers (a possible exception was Thomas Edison) rose to financial heights without utilizing some of the skills of the masters. Furthermore, although those classified as makers would seem to draw close to the conservative image of *Capitalism the Creator,* in Seligman's hands very few of them come out unblemished.

Take Henry Ford who introduced assembly line mass production and a "profit-sharing" five-dollar-a-day wage for his workers. Behind the facade of humanitarian producer was a cagier, bigoted, ruthless Ford, who surreptitiously limited the number of workers eligible for the five-dollar wage by imposing unpublicized "qualifications," who systematically speeded up the assembly line to overcompensate for whatever wage increase remained, and who introduced a reign of terror through firings and blacklists to keep workers in line and unions out. Seligman views the early Ford Motor Company as "a model for the sort of totalitarianism that was later to grace the political landscape in Europe." The resemblance came to appear more than accidental when Ford proudly accepted the Iron Cross from Hitler in 1938.

Seligman's thesis, it ultimately develops, is that businessmen seek to maximize profits (including in the total take the salaries and other returns

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going to modern corporation officials), and that how they do it has varied greatly. They may be more or less ethical, more or less legal, depending upon time, place, and other circumstances, and they may contribute more or less to economic expansion and welfare. The author has no difficulty demonstrating that there are some parallels in skullduggery even between such distant extremes as Revolutionary times and the present. Had he delayed publication a bit, and had he survived the heart attack that killed him, he no doubt would have quoted the newspaper headline that appeared the day his book came out: "Arms Sales Overpricing Cited by GAO."

Although obviously one-sided, Seligman's book serves as a useful antidote for conventional United States histories. He concentrates on the men who shaped the industrial and financial (and in some degree the moral) structure of their country, albeit with a strong accent on their missteps. Few of them rate even a mention in the usual history, and when the tycoons do appear it is within a cloak of pristine respectability that they would in many instances find embarrassing. Thus a random sampling of my own collection finds the standard texts still reporting that Robert Morris financed the revolution – true as far as it goes. But Seligman adds that it is just as true that the revolution financed Morris, indeed made him by the time of the constitutional convention the richest man in America.

Jonathan Yardley: Once a Miracle

The Broadcasters by Red Barber

(Dial Press; $6.95)

Red Barber was the best of the radio sportscasters – still is, for those who can pick up his Miami broadcasts – and when the New York Yankees callously fired him in 1966 it marked the end not merely of a job but of an age. *The Broadcasters* is Barber's unabashedly sentimental attempt to recapture the glories of that age, but unfortunately it leaves one feeling that Barber is better heard than read.

The age of radio was, as Barber observes, a period quite beyond the ken of "the kids [who] flip on their transistor radios . . . and take it all for granted." What's routine today was miraculous yesterday: "People who weren't around in the twenties when radio exploded can't know what it meant . . . Suddenly, with radio, there was instant human communication. No longer were our houses isolated and lonely and silent. The world came into our homes for the first time."

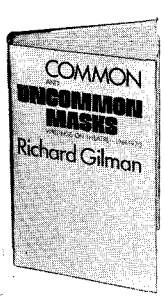
Incredibly, this communications phenomenon was in full bloom for only twenty-five years. By 1950 television was securing its dominance and radio's role was drastically altered – as symbolized by the disappearance of the living-room console and the development of the car radio and the transistor.

At its height, however, the age of radio was a memorable chapter in American cultural history. It has by now been bathed in nostalgia, but it is very easy to succumb to the spell. For one thing, radio was from the outset a more inventive medium than television, since it had to appeal to the listener's imagination. For another, the age of radio may have been our last national gasp of technological innocence – the last time when we could be reduced to wonder at the accomplishments of science.

To a sports fan of the period, nothing was more wonderful than his radio's power to bring him instant accounts of games being played hundreds of miles away. Where once the town gathered around the telegraph office to see scores posted as they came in, now each fan could huddle over the crystal set in the privacy of his room and hear the games recounted in the hyperbolic chatter of such titans as Graham McNamee, Ty Tyson, Arch McDonald, Ted Husing, Bill Stern. Many of them were country boys who delighted, and sometimes baffled, their urban audiences with rustic imagery. "The ducks are on the pond!" McDonald shouted when the bases were full. When a baserunner hit the dirt, Dizzy Dean's listeners were advised that he had "slud." Barber himself made "sitting in the catbird seat" part of the language.

The broadcasters were, one gathers from Barber, a cantankerous and eccentric lot, loveable more for their peculiarities than any very endearing traits of human nature; their verbal flamboyance was matched if not exceeded by their irascibility and egotism. They were among the first celebrities of mass communications, the

Stanley Kauffmann reviews Richard Gilman:



"Richard Gilman's criticism shines with theatrical insight, intellectual resource, and moral fervor. What illumination he gives us, what *pleasure*. It's a damned small compliment to say that he is one of the best theater critics in American history because there have been so few good ones, but Gilman is far up in that lonely front rank."

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pressures were intense, and many of them ended up on the bottle.

Even before television, these irrepressible pioneers were being edged out by oleaginous mouthpieces, but it took TV to make the transition complete. For the illiteracies of Dean and the sly bumpkinisms of Barber we now have the empty babble of Chris Schenkel and the labored witticisms of Joe Garagiola. It is the difference between bluegrass and Muzak.

Unhappily, however, down-home broadcasting sounds better than it reads. Barber's attempt to capture the drama of radio collapses into . . . a . . . prose . . . riddled . . . with . . . dots. His organization is shoddy, with the result that repetition is frequent and no orderly structural form is followed; he would have benefited, as he did in his splendid autobiography *Rhubarb in the Catbird Seat*, from the presence of a collaborator and dot-eliminator.

But Barber's stylistic lapses are best passed over lightly. He was the most honest reporter in his profession – the Yankees axed him for telling his listeners about "the smallest crowd in the history of Yankee Stadium" – and when he was at his best he made listening to sports a great deal of fun, which after all is what it's supposed to be.

Notables

On the Medieval Origins of the Modern State
by Joseph R. Strayer

(Princeton; $5.00)

One of the finest American scholars of medieval life has produced a small antidote to historical monographs. The book is a sustained exercise in the art of precise, well-documented generalization. It is full of essential matter about how states as we know them came into being, and is particularly good on the root questions that many modern anarchists like to ask, such as: how and why did states begin to imagine themselves as sovereign? And: how does a policy maker get a bureaucracy to follow through?

Looking at the shenanigans of medieval governments is to be not wholly ungrateful for what we have now, except perhaps in the crucial area of national loyalty. To the serious business of full-scale nationalism Strayer ascribes a much later date than St. Joan, Henry V and so on, despite literature to the contrary, mostly because it was only after 1700 that central governments became efficient enough to look more important than multitudinous small cheeses. *That* was when the Hobbes doctrine began to be believed – that "to weaken or destroy the state was to threaten the future of the human race." Perhaps our next President should be a medievalist.

The Tenth Month
by Laura Z. Hobson

(Simon & Schuster; $6.95)

Unwed motherhood always needs to have something nice done for it. Mrs. Hobson has contributed an extremely slick, genteel soap opera, in novel form, to the cause. Her heroine is forty, freshly divorced, and having her first baby (she had tried for years). The father is a friendly journalist she decides not to tell. And for the child's good she decides not to tell the world either, but to hole up in the strangeness of 95th St. (she's normally a 5th Avenue kind) until after the birth, and then legally adopt her own. It can be done; Mrs. Hobson tells us, in detail, how.

There are also a weak lover (not the father, not the ex-hub), a strong and wise gynecologist, and various assorted relatives, some of whom fear for their reputations. Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy and the Columbia riots appear as well, for these are troubled times. "Her heart sank. In 1975 her own child would be seven, and she would be only three years from being fifty."

During her pregnancy Dori (the heroine) thinks and thinks like that. Meanwhile there are others thinking too – the wise gynecologist, for example. After the successful birth he who had been so helpful, considerate and imaginative about her difficulty – but always thoroughly professional – suddenly and inexplicably begins to remove her from stage center among his patients. How sad she is till he (partly) tells her why:

> "Do you know anything about the relationship between analyst and analysand?"
>
> "Only what I have read."
>
> He picked up the pen again, but then he sat silent, staring down at the tip of it. . . .
>
> "It is an unwritten rule of analytical ethics," Dr. Jesskin went on slowly, "that if an analyst should find himself to be emotionally preoccupied with a patient he should . . ."

Should what, you need not ask. Everybody is a professional in this book, but Dori is the professional's professional.

To Defend, To Destroy
by James Reston, Jr.

(W.W. Norton; $5.95)

The disclosure of the events at Mylai and Sontay makes almost any fiction involving the Vietnam war believable. And the first novel of James Reston, Jr., son of the New York Times executive and political columnist, is no exception. It is the story of Jonathan Bartlett, a young Army intelligence officer who is assigned to induce a Chinese nationalist to infiltrate the mainland and discover whether Red China will attack North Vietnam. When a catastrophe results from the plan, Bartlett is bewildered by moral questions and, under pressure from his radical girl friend, becomes a counter spy. "How foolish to risk one's life for an idea," he thinks at one point. "Ideas . . . (are) so changeable, so fickle and ephemeral. Act on one idea, and a while later you might be convinced that the idea was wrong, or not as important as another idea, or confused by new facts. And then what value would the action have?" This is an interesting look at the difficulty of making choices, but those who prefer their existential *angst* straight should read elsewhere.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CALVIN BEDIENT's *book*, Architects of the Self: George Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, and E. M. Forster, *will be published by the University of California in the fall.* HENRY BEETLE HOUGH *is editor of the* Vineyard Gazette *in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.* SAUL MALOFF *is professor of English at Hunter College, City University of New York and author of the novel,* Happy Families. JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of the* Greensboro Daily News.

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Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Accounting for Defense

Sirs:

I have just read "Military Maneuvers" in your December 26, 1970, issue wherein certain references are made to the General Accounting Office. I am writing to give you and your readers my concern with respect to references to the General Accounting Office and the role which it plays in the oversight of defense expenditures.

You refer in connection with the Lockheed claims against the government that it is "bullying the General Accounting Office to make sure that" it "doesn't pry loose any last minute information that endangers Lockheed's welfare package on Capitol Hill." You also imply that the Defense Department is not providing the GAO with records to which the GAO is legally entitled and that we have been inadequately aggressive in attempting to obtain this information. You also indicate that the GAO is following a double standard by being tough on small contractors and civil agencies but "apparently unconcerned with military boondoggling in the billions."

The Lockheed Corporation has several contracts with the Department of Defense which involve cost overruns beyond the ceiling price in these contracts. It also has certain commercial operations, particularly the L-1011, better known as the "airbus," which we understand is facing a financially uncertain future. The principal concern of the government is the ability of the company to deliver on its defense contracts. The company in turn has indicated that without financial relief it cannot complete these deliveries. This financial relief, it indicates, must come from one or more of several sources – settlement or contract claims against the government, additional private financing, internal savings, etc.

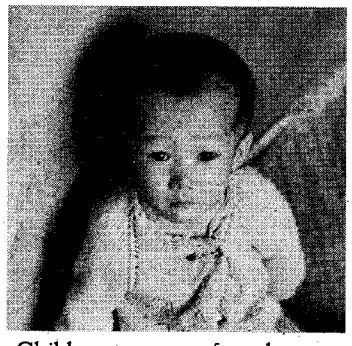
The Department of Defense, in a letter to the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees of the Congress, has indicated its intention to negotiate with Lockheed under the provisions of Public Law 85-804 of August 28, 1958, which authorize the heads of departments to modify a defense contract without regard to any law whenever it is determined that such action is necessary to "facilitate the national defense." This Office has no legal authority to go behind such a determination to prevent the exercise of this authority, and the implication in your article that we could somehow do this is unfair and misleading.

This Office has a proper concern with respect to the judgment of the Department of Defense as to whether Lockheed's overall financial situation does or does not make it possible to complete its obligation under existing contracts without additional federal funds. We believe this function is appropriate to the Office and have for several weeks been involved in a review to permit us to reach such an opinion. I should point out, however, that we have no legal authority to demand from the contractors their records relating to commercial – that is nongovernment – transactions, including their financial arrangements with the banking community. The fact that Lockheed's ability to make delivery is dependent upon its overall financial situation has, therefore, complicated our ability to develop the data needed to reach such an opinion. As your article notes, we have reached agreement with the Defense Department to give us access to information in its hands which we believe will make this feasible, and it is our intention to make a report to the Congress on the subject.

There has been no attempt – nor would we condone one – to prevent our access to any records to which we are legally entitled, whether they are records of the Defense Department or of a contractor, in the conduct of our audits of the "trouble plagued military programs" themselves. For the record, we have in fact already done considerable audit work on all the various programs mentioned, both on our own initiative and as a result of requests by various sources in the Congress.

In your article you note that one of the concerns expressed is that government funds might be used to support Lockheed's commercial operations. You should be aware, however, that this is expressly prohibited in connection with the $200 million made available by Congress in the recently enacted Defense Appropriation Bill and

Today another war casualty will be born.



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that this Office has been charged with specific responsibility for auditing any payments made by the government to Lockheed to prevent this from happening.

Elmer B. Staats
Comptroller General
of the United States

JFK - Bitter Memories

Sirs:

Like Gerald Clarke ("JFK – Bitter Memories of a Cold Day," January 16) I was one of those for whom JFK's rhetorical challenge provided a particular thrill on that cold day in January. Like Mr. Clarke, I too have since reexamined and found wanting many of the premises on which national policy was based during the subsequent 1000 days. And like Mr. Clarke, I too have had the advantage of an intervening decade and a series of disastrous domestic and foreign reverses by which to measure the moral rectitude of those years.

Unlike Mr. Clarke, however, I do not presume to read back into the early 60s, the new liberal catechisms of the 70s. Only if I were as sure of my moral rectitude as we all thought we were in 1961 could I presume to lecture to a ghost whose corporeal self never had the full benefit of the hard lessons of the last decade. . . . JFK's policy choices should be judged not on the basis of the intervening years, but rather on whether they were reasonable and well thought out when formulated. Ironically, Mr. Clarke's easy assumption of present doctrinal superiority lacks that very quality of JFK's which Mr. Clarke remembers most fondly – a healthy skepticism.

Barry O. Chase
Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

It is impossible to heap enough praise upon you and Gerald Clarke for publication of "JFK – Bitter Memories of a Cold Day." No, Mr. Clarke, your judgment is not "too harsh"; it is absolutely correct. It is time to face head-on the possibility that Messrs. Vinson, Stennis, Rivers, and Russell probably would have spent less money on defense budgets in 1961-63 than did the Kennedy Administration. Can we remember the many times Senator Stennis attempted to pry the actual costs of the Vietnam War out of an unwilling Secretary of Defense? Is it perhaps time to admit that Senator McClellan probably is correct on the F-111? Should we recall that until the "cultists (Clarke's word) decided to transfer the blame, Vietnam was known as "McNamara's War"? Those who begin to see what they could not see in 1960, and I am one, cannot stop short. The management failure, better say disaster, in Defense was, if anything, of a greater order of magnitude than most of the political failures Clarke set forth. There are many myths to be laid to rest.

Frederick C. Thayer
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Gerald Clarke's approach to making historical judgments would lead us to brand Franklin Roosevelt as a paternalistic tyrant and Abraham Lincoln as a hawkish crypto-racist. In a few years by the Clarke method we will be told that Martin Luther King was a rather pompous Uncle Tom because he championed nonviolent racial integration when everyone knows that independent racial identity is today's goal. We will be told that Robert Kennedy was a timid lackey of LBJ because he didn't oppose the war as forcefully in 1965 as he did in 1967.

If John Kennedy in 1963 had arrived at the conclusion that our twenty-year involvement in Vietnam was a mistake, then indeed he was ahead of virtually every other US political leader, and ahead of the Cold War US society, including many in the intellectual community. Rather than brand JFK as a murderous cynic for his decision to delay disengagement until after re-election, I suggest that the incredible disasters in Vietnam that began in 1965 and continue up to the very present vindicate Mr. Kennedy's chosen course. Election to the Presidency in 1964 of one who did not support Kennedy's withdrawal decision would have, and in the end actually did, lead to a monumental human tragedy that will sear the conscience of all Americans for generations.

Thomas P. Fondy
DeWitt, NY

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

blind stupid killing. And the moments where Arkin does attempt surrealism are bungled, partly because there is no preparation. The long speech of the old judge is one of the sharp moments in the play, a quintessential record of immigrant idealism, valid in itself, falling on deaf ears, which in its way is valid, too – a scene of really deep non-communication. Arkin allows Lou Jacobi to shout the judge's speech from beginning to end, has him suddenly walk out of his chambers away from the couple as he talks, then continue the speech in a courtroom empty except for a stenographer taking it down, and finish it in a suddenly crowded courtroom. The whole sequence, instead of serving as visual comment on what it is presenting, simply seems irrational, failed cleverness.

So, too, is a sequence at the wedding. We see a number of quick shots of the father confiding to people that he gave the young couple $2500. The last of these shots is the father alone on a toilet, repeating the line to himself. Again, the unprepared touch, which had been intended presumably as a Freudian anal joke, collapses. The best

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we can think of it is that the father is momentarily demented.

Agile as he is, Arkin so far lacks the fundamental for a good director: a central concept, primarily visual, that controls all the film's elements: as, for instance, we are conscious from the first moments of *The Knack* and *How I Won the War* that, whatever their defects, every moment of them is tissue of a body. (*There* is the director – Richard Lester – who might have helped *Little Murders*!) Arkin seems only to have felt along the script for moments to be artful, and in between has been content to be Billy Wilder.

So the film has not redeemed the play as, partially, it might have done. It's just a somewhat different set of pluses and minuses. But the pluses are so good, and the minuses so far above the ruck, that the picture confirms *Little Murders* as an unforgettable, imperfect work.

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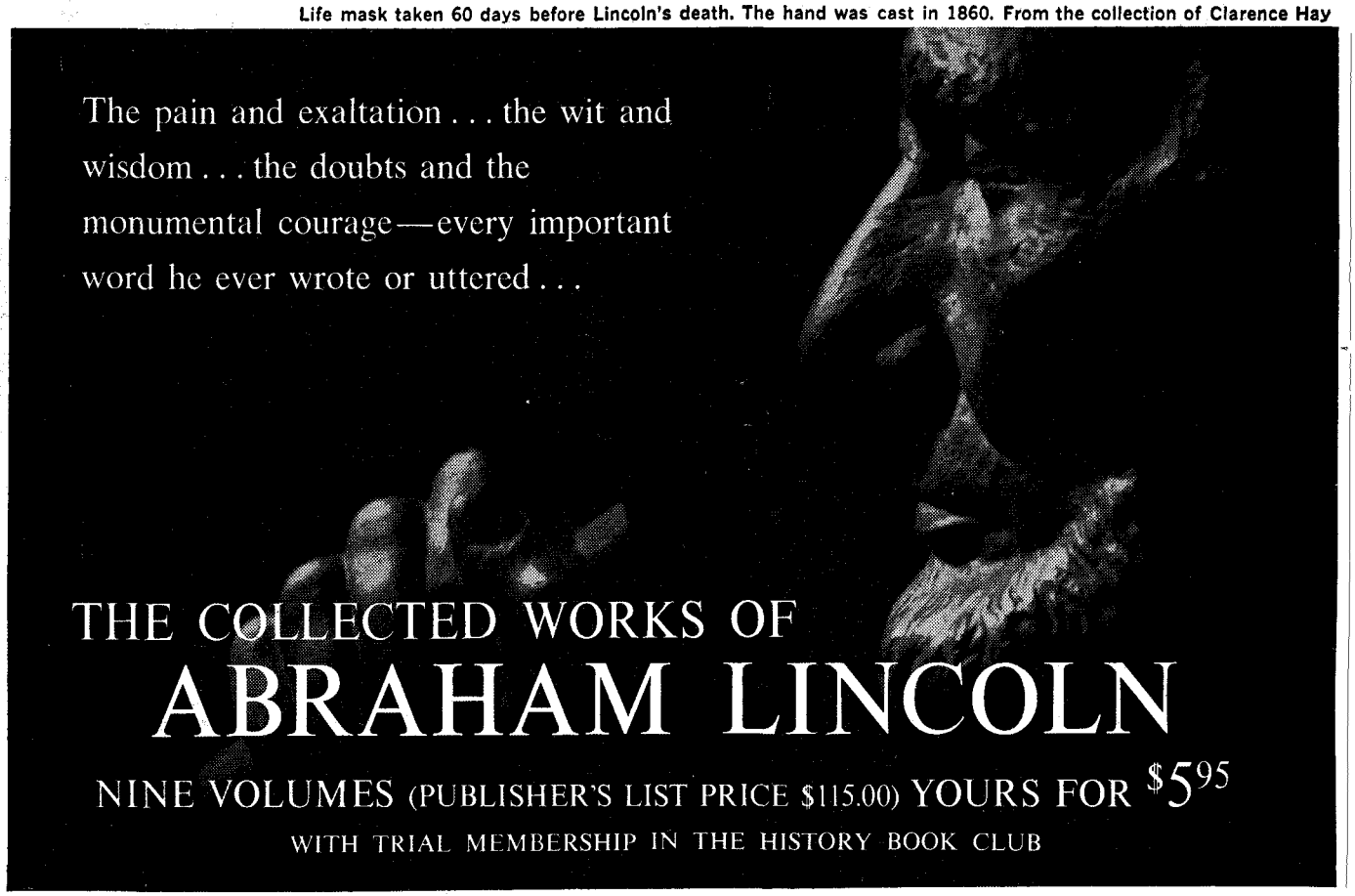
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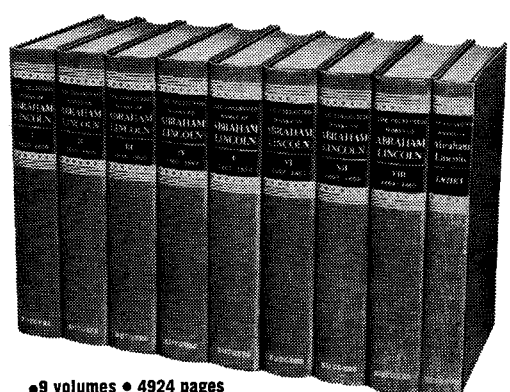

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